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LESLIE'S WEEKLY

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New York, November 27, 1902

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT SIGNING HIS THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

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THE PROCLAMATION.

According to the yearly custom of our people, it falls upon the President at this season to appoint a day of festival and thanksgiving to God. Over a century and a quarter has passed since this country took its place among the nations of the earth, and during that time we have had on the whole more to be thankful for than has fallen to the lot of any other people. Generation after generation has grown to manhood and passed away. Each has had to bear its peculiar burdens, each to face its special crises, and each has known years of grim trial, when the country was menaced by malice, domestic or foreign levy, when the hand of the Lord was heavy upon it in drought or flood or pestilence, when in bodily distress and anguish of soul it paid the penalty of folly and a froward heart.

Nevertheless, decade by decade, we have struggled onward and upward; we now abundantly enjoy material well-being, and under the favor of the Most High we are striving earnestly to achieve moral and spiritual uplifting. The year that has just closed has been one of peace and of overflowing plenty. Rarely has any people enjoyed greater prosperity than we are now enjoying. For this we render heartfelt and solemn thanks to the Giver of Good, and we seek to praise Him not by

words only but by deeds, by the way in which we do our duty to ourselves and to our fellow-men. Now, therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, do hereby designate as a day of general thanksgiving Thursday, the twenty-seventh day of the coming November, and do recommend that throughout the land the people cease from their ordinary occupations, and in their several homes and places of worship render thanks unto Almighty God for the manifold blessings of the past year.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington this 29th day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and two and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-seventh.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

By the President.

JOHN HAY, Secretary of State.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY IN THE UNITED STATES

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS

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Thursday, November 27, 1902

Are We a Grateful People?

IT IS one of the curious and unhappy traits in human nature that leads men to be least thankful when they have the best and greatest reasons for being so. Seasons of peace and prosperity among a people are the very times when selfishness and extravagance, heartlessness, injustice, and the still grosser vices and the crimes springing out of luxury and idleness, attain their most noxious growth. Some of the saddest and darkest chapters in human history are those recounting this fact. It was so with the ancient Jewish commonwealth, and thus also with the Roman empire.

In brief, so generally has it been the rule that national degeneracy, decay, and ruin have followed close upon the footsteps of great national prosperity that the thoughtful historian may well regard it almost as a fixed principle in the philosophy of human events, while to the student of current history—the genuine lover of his country—such a period of material wealth and national advancement as we now enjoy may well give rise to grave apprehensions of coming evil and general decadence. The United States at the present time is undoubtedly in the full tide of the proudest, happiest, and most prosperous period in all its history. This may be truly said in spite of various untoward events of recent occurrence, such as the so-called meat famine, the long and disastrous coal strike, and also in spite of the alleged and imminent perils to our industrial peace arising from the rapid increase of great combinations of capital.

Notwithstanding these real or imagined shadows across our national pathway, it is a fact that the American people, as a whole, were never in the enjoyment of so many material blessings as they are at the present time, and had never, therefore, so many reasons for profound gratitude and thankfulness to the Father of all good and the Ruler of nations as they have to-day. Unprecedented crops of wheat, corn, and other staples, together with a ready market and good prices, have brought a larger measure of solid benefits to our farming population than they have ever known before, and in these benefits all the country shares to a greater or less degree. And the passing year has seen also a marked and notable increase in the output of our iron, copper, and gold mines, in the volume of some exports, and the growth of our manufacturing industries, especially in the South, where industrial development is needed most. Neither war, pestilence, nor famine has invaded our borders, and no great calamities of any sort have occurred to darken the chronicle of the year.

Must we then, as we stand under this smiling sky and in the midst of our bountiful harvests, our busy factories, and thriving marts of trade, be forced to the melancholy conclusion that this happy condition is a precursor of calamity; that it portends the near approach of a period of weakness, misery, and national decline? Will the philosophical principle of which we have spoken again hold true and history repeat itself in our case? We are optimistic enough to hope and believe that it will not; that we, as a people, have gathered wisdom from the experiences of the past; that we will not be so vain and foolish, so rash and blind, so neglectful of the true sources of our happiness and strength, as to permit selfish ease, wanton extravagance, and unbridled luxury to turn our prosperity into a curse and make what should be the pathway to still higher and more enduring good a broad road to national degradation and shameful disaster.

Yet our faith in the inherent virtue and robust sense of the American people is not so great as to blind us to the dangers of the situation or to make us realize less keenly than before the necessity of safeguarding ourselves at every possible point from a recurrence of the evils attendant upon a wide distribution of wealth and its luxuries and the deadly vices which ease and idleness have ever been wont to breed. Because of the perils which lie this way we may be specially thankful that we have a Thanksgiving Day, that we have a national custom whereby our President joins with the Governors of our States in a solemn proclamation setting aside a specified day for the single purpose of "giving thanks to Almighty God for the blessings He has bestowed upon us as a nation and a people."

Of all times in our history it is well just now that we should be thus directly reminded by the voice of official authority of the true source of our prosperity and the obligations we are under to render a just and heartfelt

tribute of praise and gratitude to Him to whom we owe it all. If this observance is not purely perfunctory; if it leads us, as it should, to a deeper and more abiding sense of the value and necessity of pure, honest, and righteous living as the basis for true national greatness, then, indeed, may we regard our present prosperity not as a precursor of evil but only as the beginning of still better and happier things in the days to come.

Peace in Delaware.

THE STATEMENT that President Roosevelt, in appointing Mr. William M. Byrne as United States District Attorney for Delaware, signifies that hereafter he will recognize the Addicks Republicans in that State, ought not to be surprising. Last summer the President, at Oyster Bay, warmly criticised the factional Republicans of Texas, and gave out that hereafter he proposed to recognize Republicans who fought for the party rather than for personal success. No one disputes the fact that the redemption of Delaware from Democratic control has been mainly brought about by the persistent efforts of Mr. Addicks. At the recent election the Addicks Republicans, it is estimated, polled fifty per cent. more votes than the opposing faction, known as the "regulars." Had both factions united on the candidate for Congress, he would have been elected, and his defeat, therefore, is to be charged as much, if not more, to the regulars than to the Addicks Republicans. Delaware, having no Republican Congressman, the President, following his custom, will advise, regarding appointments, with the national committeeman from the State, Mr. Addicks.

That the Republicans have control of the Delaware Legislature this year is due in a great measure to the efforts of Mr. Addicks, and it does not detract from the merits of the cause to say that he had a selfish view in end because of his candidacy for the United States Senate. But for factional quarrels, Delaware would be represented in the United States Senate at present by two Republicans. We are glad that President Roosevelt has finally reached the conclusion that Delaware shall have the two Republican Senators to which it is entitled, and to whose support he has a right to look in his determined efforts to secure legislation for the public good. All sorts of accusations have been made by Republican opponents against Mr. Addicks, most of them the echoes of the assaults of his Democratic enemies, who have never forgiven him for taking the State from their control. Nothing has been said against him that has not been said against nearly every other Republican who has made a successful fight for leadership in any State.

The Republicans of Delaware would be better off if they would cease recriminations against each other and unite to secure the legitimate fruits of the victory they have won. Mr. Addicks cannot be blamed for believing that he should share in the fruits of this victory, and his ambition to seek a seat in the Senate, therefore, has both justification and precedent to support it. President Roosevelt proposes to have peace in Delaware, even if he has to fight for it. And he will get it.

How to Expand Our Trade.

THE ARGUMENT in favor of a wise, liberal, and enlightened policy toward our foreign carrying trade was put in a forcible and convincing way by Secretary Shaw in a recent speech in Detroit. Mr. Shaw said very truly that the greatest public question before the American people to-day is a foreign market for our products. We have the corn, the wheat, the cotton, the beef, the products of our fields, factories, and workshops, sufficient in volume to supply the markets of the world; the only thing we lack to reach and hold these markets is the ships. These we can secure best, as Germany, France, and other foreign nations have secured them, by liberal grants, under proper conditions, to our shipping interests.

Secretary Shaw made a special plea for such aid from Congress as would enable us to obtain our rightful share of the South American trade. He pointed out the humiliating fact that we have no regular steamship communication with any of the countries lying south of the Caribbean Sea, and that, chiefly because of this, only ten per cent. of the \$120,000,000 of goods annually imported into Argentina comes from the United States, and that we sell about the same proportion of the \$100,000,000 imported by Brazil, and other South American countries in like ratio. Our exports to these countries, such as they are, nearly all go in foreign bottoms. Of the \$2,000,000 we exported to Uruguay only \$100,000 went under our flag. In support of a government subsidy in this particular direction, Secretary Shaw said:

"It is idle to suppose that steamship lines will be established to those ports without government aid. There is little freight now to carry, and no inducement, and a steamship line would perish before a sufficient trade could be built up to make it profitable. It took long years to establish sufficient transcontinental commerce to make our Pacific lines of railroad profitable. It will take perhaps longer still to make steamship lines to those ports, far to the southward, profitable, and in my opinion, any ship-subsidy bill that will meet the approval of both houses of Congress will contain special provisions for these new lines, and at rates far in excess of what is necessary to induce competition with European lines in transatlantic commerce."

It ought to need no argument to persuade thinking and intelligent men that the state of affairs thus depicted is not only humiliating to our national pride, but utterly unjust to American interests. As matters stand, when our manufactureres desire to venture in the South American markets they must reach that point by steamship lines via Europe, or by the slow and expensive method

of sailing vessels or chartered tramp steamers. Here lies a large and growing market for our manufactured products at our very doors, which we are debarred from simply because, under the present conditions of American shipping, we cannot compete with England, France, and Germany in the carrying trade. The one and only way to end this unhappy situation is to pass a subsidy bill that shall encourage and justify our ship-builders and steamship companies in establishing the necessary communication with South American ports. Let every workingman, as well as every businessman, fairly and carefully consider these unanswerable arguments for the protection and enlargement of American industries.

The Plain Truth.

THE RESULT of the election in the State of New York may ultimately be felt in the politics of the nation. Western politicians are intimating that New York is no longer the pivotal State, but they overlook the fact that the political pendulum is swinging more strongly toward the Democratic party. They forget that the South, in 1904, will be substantially solid for the Democratic ticket. They fail to perceive that the obliteration of the Populist planks of the last Democratic national platform is becoming the rule in every State, and that the calm and convincing leadership of William McKinley no longer safeguards the interests of the Republican party. New York will not only be a great factor in 1904; it will be the greatest. Here will be the battle-ground of the contending armies, and many predict that, casting nearly a tenth of the electoral vote, New York will be the prize-winner.

THE WEALTHY woman who died in New York recently and left a will bequeathing generous sums of money to her cook, her butler, and several other working people who had served her long and faithfully, set an example in the disposal of riches worthy of general emulation by other possessors of fortunes. The leaving of little mementos and many good wishes in such cases have been common enough, but substantial sums of money are far better, especially when they fall into the hands of persons who have become aged or, perhaps, incapacitated for earning a livelihood elsewhere by reason of previous long and hard service for the testators. It is not enough, in every case, to say that such persons have received generous wages and good treatment during the period of service. That may be true, but there are some kinds of services, which are not fully compensated in this way and a recognition of this fact in a bequest or in some other form is an act which should always be in order among men who wish to deal kindly as well as justly with their fellows.

WHILE WE are as ardent believers in the strenuous life as any rational being should be, and have nothing but approval for all manly and healthful forms of outdoor sport, we do not find anything in these feelings and beliefs to justify us in indorsing and encouraging a game conducted after the fashion of up-to-date football, a so-called pastime which was responsible within a single week, recently, for the death of five young men and the serious injury of an uncounted number of others. These were college students, too, all, therefore, presumably young men of high character and intelligence, and thus a greater loss to the world than some young men would be. When the rage for risk takes off, as it has done in numerous instances, the reckless Alpine climber, the venturesome automobilist, or the foolhardy performer in the show-ring, we can afford to regard these casualties with more complacency than we can these sacrifices of young and valuable lives taking place under the auspices and almost within the shadow of our college walls. If a decent regard for and a just estimate of the value of human life and limb are not among the things taught in these institutions, where, then, shall such teaching be found? Will it be necessary for some new St. Justus, some holy and venerable man, to sacrifice his life on the football field in order to make an end at once and for all time of these bloody and brutal exhibitions as the gladiatorial shows of old times were ended?

THERE NEVER has been a doubt in the mind of any well-informed Republican of New York State that if the Hon. Thomas C. Platt desired, at the close of his term, to be sent back to his seat in the Senate, his wish would be gratified. So generally was this understood and conceded that when members of the Legislature were nominated, their selection involved no reference to the Senatorship, for but one name was in the minds of all. The fact that Senator Platt has decided to accept a re-election this winter is, therefore, not in the nature of a surprise. The abortive effort to arouse a show of opposition to his return counted for nothing. The hope of its backers was in the support of Governor Odell, but the Governor, at the first opportunity, took pains to indicate, in his customary frank, straightforward, and honest way, that he was not a candidate for the Senatorship, nor for any other place, for two years to come; that he was in favor of Senator Platt's re-election, and had no doubt that the Republican members of the Legislature would unanimously tender to him the office for a second term. It has been said that Senator Platt is not a great orator, but has been a peculiarity of all the best Republican leaders of New York State, with possibly the exception of Roscoe Conkling, that they have been thinkers and workers, rather than speakers. Even the political enemies of Senator Platt concede that, as a successful party worker and leader, he stands without a rival, in years of service and in the record of achievements.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

AMONG THE host of capable men who have contributed largely to the industrial progress of the United States none is more worthy of honor than Mr. John Fritz, the ironmaster and inventor, of Bethlehem, Penn. In recognition of his eminent services in developing the country's resources, Mr. Fritz's eightieth birthday was celebrated recently at the Waldorf-Astoria, in this city, by a banquet attended by five hundred persons, including many of our foremost iron and steel manufacturers. The guest was presented with a magnificent album containing the pictures and autographs of nearly five hundred men prominent in the steel industry, and with a loving cup by Mr. Irving Scott, the San Francisco steel manufacturer.

He also received the first "John Fritz gold medal," given for his achievements in industrial science, and which is hereafter to be awarded annually to the person who adds most to the world's industrial advancement. The medal was instituted by the four leading engineering societies of the United States. Mr. Fritz's career has been a typical American one. Born in poverty, receiving but little school education, and going to work when a mere lad in a machine shop, he finally rose through industry and ability to the head of great enterprises, success, and wealth. His more notable achievements include the construction of plants which developed respectively into the works of the great Cambria and Bethlehem steel companies, and the designing and building of the plant needed for creating an American navy. Mr. Fritz is known throughout the world of iron and steel, and is widely esteemed for his attractive personal traits. He is still Hale and vigorous, and active in business.

FEW GREAT preachers of the day have a more dramatic and impressive manner in the pulpit than the venerable Dr. George Lorimer, now pastor of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, of New York, although he is far removed from being a sensationalist. He speaks entirely without notes, and when warmed up to his subject often strides rapidly to and fro across the pulpit platform, emphasizing his points with vigorous but graceful gesticulation, and speaking in a voice that penetrates to the uttermost parts of the edifice. As a pulpit orator uniting eloquence and earnestness in a remarkable degree Dr. Lorimer has rarely been equalled.

THE RUSSIAN press censorship has forbidden the publication of the contents of the signals exchanged as farewell greetings between the German imperial yacht *Hohenzollern* and the Russian *Standart*, on the occasion of the recent meeting between the Czar and the Kaiser. It has now been ascertained that the Kaiser's signal ran thus: "The lord of the Western seas sends a farewell greeting to the lord of the Eastern seas." The Czar, in schoolgirl style, replied "Eternal friendship." It is not easy to see where the danger could come in from giving publicity to these high-flown compliments, but since the Russian censor has laid them under ban there must be something wrong, of course, from his point of view.

IT IS said, to the credit of the three young men now at the head of three great nations of the world, the United States, Germany, and Russia, that they are men whose personal character and private life are above reproach, that they are men of strong domestic tastes, faithful and devoted husbands and fathers. All have large families of young children, the largest being that of Emperor William of Germany. He has seven children, the six oldest being boys and the youngest a daughter, the Princess Victoria.



PRINCESS VICTORIA LOUISA,
The German Emperor's only daughter.

Princess Victoria, who was born on September 13th, 1892, and is therefore ten years old. The princess, it is said, closely resembles her mother, so far as her form and features are concerned, but possesses certain of her father's characteristics in her mental make-up. She has a somewhat impetuous temper,

but is remarkably bright, vigorous, and quick to learn. Both the Emperor and the Empress of Germany have advanced ideas in regard to the education of women, and are giving their daughter the best education that the times afford.

AMONG THE Englishmen who have recently come to the United States to study our institutions, our social, industrial, and economic conditions, are Mr. G. H. Perris, a well-known London journalist, formerly of the staff of the *Speaker*, and editor, among other things, of *Concord*, the organ of the International Peace and Arbitration Society, and Mr. John H. Hobson, a well-known writer and lecturer on economics. Both of these gentlemen are also prominent in the anti-imperialistic movement in Great Britain, it being their view that English colonial experiments have been, on the whole, a disastrous failure.

AN EVENT of especial interest in educational circles was the recent inauguration of Dr. Frank Strong as chancellor of the University of Kansas, at Lawrence. Among great numbers of invited guests were delegates from over forty of the higher educational institutions of the country. There were eight or ten university presidents, including the presidents of Yale, Leland Stanford, Chicago University, the University of Missouri, and the University of Nebraska. Three days were given up to the inaugural ceremonies. Perhaps the leading address was that made by President Hadley, of Yale. Dr. Strong, a native of Auburn, N.Y., was graduated with high honors from Yale, and subsequently rendered that institution professional services. Dr. Strong has had wide experience as an educational executive. He was principal of the high school in St. Joseph, Mo., superintendent of schools in Lincoln, Neb., and chancellor of the University of Oregon. He is about forty years of age, six feet four inches in height, and is in every way qualified to render most vigorous and effective service to the splendid institution of which he has taken charge. The University of Kansas is a comparatively young institution, but it is in possession of fine facilities and its student body has always been remarkably earnest and intelligent. The institution now has about fifteen hundred students and is making rapid gains in every direction. The State of Kansas has always given it liberal support.

OUT OF the few who read the excellent consular reports sent to our State Department from Vladivostock, Russia, now the eastern seaport of the great Trans-Siberian railroad, fewer still probably are aware that the consul who sends them, Mr. Richard T. Greener, is a colored man. Mr. Greener enjoys the distinction of being the first colored graduate of Harvard College, and afterward served for a time as professor of metaphysics and logic in the University of South Carolina, and later still was a member of the faculty of Harvard University. He was admitted to the Bar in Washington in 1877 and came to New York in 1885, where he was appointed an examiner on the municipal service board in the days of Mayor Grace. Professor Greener was appointed consul at Vladivostock in 1898 and has made an excellent record as a faithful and competent official.

THE RE-ELECTION of Governor Robert Marion La Follette, the Republican chief executive of Wisconsin, will deservedly continue in office a man of great ability, firm convictions, and faithfulness to the public weal. Mr. La Follette was first chosen to his present position in 1900, by a plurality of 103,745, receiving more than 59 per cent. of all votes cast for gubernatorial candidates, and despite considerable opposition within his own party he carried the State by about 50,000 plurality this year. The Governor's hold on the people in general is strong because of his determined stand for equal and fair taxation and his successful efforts to secure the passage of a law requiring the nomination of all candidates by direct vote at primary elections. He was nominated for Governor both times under this statute, whose workings have greatly satisfied the voters of Wisconsin. The Governor's success is largely due to his thorough understanding of the best popular sentiment. He is a man of the people, having been born in a log cabin in Wisconsin forty-seven years ago, and having spent his early years in lowly surroundings. He was aspiring, however, and managed to obtain a good education and was admitted to the Bar in 1880. That very year he was elected district attorney of Dane County, and was re-

elected two years later. After that he was given three terms in Congress, serving in his last term on the Ways and Means Committee and framing several schedules of the McKinley tariff law. He was defeated in 1890 and then practiced law for ten years before he was again summoned to the service of the people.

NO CHURCH edifice within the limits of New York is so rich in rare memories and noble associations of the historic past, none has stood for so much in the religious and philanthropic life of the metropolis as Old Trinity. From its place among the time-stained tombs in the old churchyard on lower Broadway, looking down on Wall Street, the realm of the money kings of America, and in the very centre of the rush and roar of the busiest city in the modern world, this venerable building stands, with its lofty spire, its shadowy aisles, its chiming bells, as a perpetual reminder to the restless, hurrying throngs below, that

"It is not all of life to live,
Nor all of death to die."

It is surely a signal honor for any man to be the chief occupant of a pulpit like that of Trinity, and that for full forty years in the life of a city like New York, forty such eventful, crowded, expansive, wonderful years as this old church has looked down upon, and in which it has played a conspicuous and a noble part. But such is the distinction that belongs to the present rector of Trinity, Dr. Morgan Dix. Fifty years ago, then a young man of twenty-five, he began his ministry, three years later became connected with Trinity parish, and seven years after that, in 1862, in the days when his father, General John A. Dix, was gaining fame as the great war Governor of New York, he became rector of Trinity, and there he has remained to this day. What a power this church has come to be in all these years may be judged somewhat from the fact that it takes nearly two full pages of the "New York Charities Directory" simply to give the titles, locations, and objects—the latter in briefest outline—of the guilds, chapels, schools, societies, relief bureaus, and other agencies for good connected with this parish, most of these auxiliaries having been developed and added during Dr. Dix's rectorship. Not only as a preacher and an organizer does Dr. Dix rank high, but his influence has been widely extended by many books from his pen, including a two-volume history of Trinity itself. Considering the man, his noble career, his splendid achievements, it is not surprising that the recent fortieth anniversary of his rectorship and the golden jubilee of his ministry should have been marked by testimonials of a rare and notable kind, one among these being the gift of a sterling-silver loving cup from the clergy and congregation of St. Paul's Chapel, Trinity's oldest and largest auxiliary society. The cup is a fine piece of repoussé and etched work by Tiffany.

TWO LITTLE schoolboys in Holland recently sent Queen Wilhelmina a quaint little letter, which, translated, reads: "Dear Queen—Do, please, say that our teacher is not to be sent away. She is so good to us, and we love her so much, and really she hasn't done anything. Father says you are powerful and good, and that you even pardon murderers, because you wish bad people to become good again." Queen Wilhelmina sent a reply promising that the case of the teacher threatened with dismissal should be investigated.

THERE IS probably no other country in the world, and certainly not in Europe, where women prominent in society devote so much time to outdoor sports and are so expert in many of them as in Ireland. And of all these recreations the favorite one with Irish ladies seems to be hunting with hounds; and it is said to be an exception to meet a girl or matron in Ireland who does not excel in horsemanship.

It is therefore something to claim, as is claimed of Mrs. Love, who is a leader in Irish society and a keen sportswoman. Herewith, that she is one of the best sportswomen and riders in the Emerald Isle. Like all really good riders, Mrs. Love wears the simplest and plainest of riding habits and looks with disfavor upon some of the showy innovations proposed in this direction.



MORGAN DIX, D.C.L., D.D.,
Who has just celebrated his fortieth
year as rector of Old Trinity,
New York.

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ROBERT MARION LA FOLLETTE,
Who rose from a log cabin to the Governorship of Wisconsin.—Curtiss.



MRS. LOVE,
A leader in Irish society and a keen sportswoman.

The Rescue of New York's Foundlings

By John Mathews

DARKNESS IN the narrow hallway; the sickening odor of the tenements; a woman stumbling along, her hands outstretched; the small, weak, pathetic cry of the very little child; a bundle in the corner which the woman lifts into her arms; the flutter of excitement in the tenement, and the crowding in of neighbors; a policeman arrives; and the baby, a foundling, is taken to Bellevue hospital. Then a blank like this is filled out:

No. 30. Lost Children.
Police Department of the City of New York.
Precinct
Founding
Name—unknown. Brown hair, blue eyes, white cotton undershirt, white cotton flannel petticoat.
Age—One month.
Sex—Male.
Found by whom—C. Collins.
When—9 P. M.
Where—in hallway, . . . East Sixty-eighth Street.
JAMES LYNCH, Sergeant.

And such is the beginning of two hundred and fifty lives in the great city of New York every year.

When the little child, most helpless of all living things, lifts its tiny arms in appeal the answer is spontaneous. Whether you are man or woman you do not hesitate; your hand at once would give the little suppliant a gentle caress; your voice assumes a tone of soothing; the spirit of protecting kindness has entered into you. It is this same spirit which is saving the lives, every year, of these two hundred and fifty foundling babies, who, until recently, for the very want of it, died. It is the balm of the mother's kiss and the cradle of a mother's arms that give health and growth and happiness to New York's little foundlings; and the system by which this beautiful work of mercy is done is one of the most unique and interesting in the metropolis.

For these, its very youngest charges, the city had made provision in the usual way. On Randall's Island was a home and hospital supplied with good equipment, provided with competent nurses, and furnished with long rows of little white beds, with all the regularity and order of a properly conducted public institution. Into this place the city's babies were taken. Some of them when found were only a few hours old, others had been kept for some weeks by their frightened unfortunate mothers before they were secretly left where some one else would have to provide for them. No matter what their age or condition, the foundlings were forwarded to Randall's Island, beginning their lives as infant paupers in one of the small iron beds of the long wards of the institution.

When one of them was sick with some specific affliction it was ministered to in the regular way. When it was only lonesome it was left alone in its white crib, crying; and it lay there helpless during the long days, wailing softly and monotonously, its instinct calling for the mother which it had lost, until the little face grew small and thin and the eyes grew big; then the voice was hushed at last, and another little body went to the potter's field. For years the city carried out this system. Ninety-nine per cent. of the foundlings died on Randall's Island.

"Well, the little fellows are better off dead," the attendants would say; "they wouldn't have much to look forward to, any way."

And so year after year the motherless babies in the long rows of white cribs were not even encouraged to live. Then their cries reached the hearts of some charitable women, and four years ago the institution which now gives mothers and homes to these most pitifully unfortunate little ones came into existence. It supplied that which the hospital could not give, the comforting and fondling and the little attentions, as well as the food and love of the mother—in a word, the "mothering," as it is all summed up by those who have made the new system so successful. It is this "mothering" that has reduced the death rate among the foundlings of New York from 99 to a per cent. lower than that among all the other children of the city—a remarkable fact when one considers the conditions under which these foundlings begin their journey through the world, the lack of care and the exposure to which they are subjected at the outset.

In the new method of saving the lives of the little foundlings the city co-operates with two charitable organizations. These are the State Charities Aid Association, a Protestant institution, and the Guild of the Infant Saviour, Roman Catholic. A child found is taken at once to Bellevue Hospital, and lodged in the children's ward. Every morning Miss Walker, superintendent of the work for the State Charities Aid Association, and Miss McIntyre, superintendent of the Guild of the Infant Saviour, call at the hospital for foundlings. The children are taken away in turns by these young women—Miss Walker has possession of the first and the next is taken by Miss McIntyre. There are usually about four foundlings a week. The system in both cases is the same. Each child is carried away in the superintendent's arms the morning after it is found, so that no foundling remains in Bellevue as long as twenty-four hours.

It is first baptized in the hospital ward—those in charge of Miss Walker are christened by the Protestant clergyman at the hospital and those which are cared for by Miss McIntyre receive the baptism from a Roman Catholic

priest whose parish includes Bellevue. So that half of the little ones which are found are made Protestants and half Catholics, no matter what their race or color, unless there is some indication of an expressed preference by some one who had a right to decide. Such indication is, however, almost unknown. Whether or not the child is to be reared in a Protestant or a Roman Catholic home becomes purely a matter of chance. And all the foundlings of New York are baptized in one of the two branches of the Christian Church. This fact has led to some peculiar situations. Among the foundling children there are those of Hebrew parentage, but these, too, like all the rest are baptized either Protestant or Catholic.

Not long ago there was a protest from a Hebrew mother whose child, neglected by those in whose charge it was placed, was carried to Bellevue as a foundling and baptized in the Roman Catholic Church. When she learned of this the shock against the strong religious faith of the mother was so great that she fainted. The woman, herself sick, was unable to care for her child and it has remained in the care of the Guild of the Infant Saviour. Although the baptism is the first step of the foundling in its new path, the human and not the religious feeling is supreme in its rearing. Those whose lives are devoted to the work which unfortunate mothers, through want or sheer depravity,

superintendent who has placed it there. If the child is sick the foster-mother calls a doctor employed by the State Charities Aid Association or the Guild of the Infant Saviour, whichever may be the sponsor for the infant. When the little foundling's period of nursing is ended there is usually a pathetic scene in the Italian home. The foster-mother has learned to love the little "bambino" for whom she has cared, a love the strength of which she does not appreciate until the parting. Italian mothers with half a dozen children of their own and depending sometimes on the wages of a day laborer for support plead fervently to be permitted to keep the child as their own, but the plea must be refused, and the system moves on. These first homes of the foundlings are far up town or in the suburbs, where there are free air and green grass. In the second home the foundlings are no longer nursed, but are fed as befits children of their age, and those who care for them receive the same pay from the city as the foster-mothers, \$2.50 a week.

Only the persons who are engaged in the work of finding homes for children appreciate the number of childless homes in America. There are more of those who would adopt children than there are children to be adopted. And none of New York's foundlings in good health has reached the age of two years before it has been placed in a permanent home, and the child cannot be legally adopted then until it has been in this home a year, so that the new parents before they bind themselves by law will fully appreciate the responsibility which they have assumed. These families are investigated, too, as to their character and circumstances before they are permitted to adopt any child. Neither of these societies wishes to put a child into the bondage which has sometimes been the lot of unfortunate children.

Of the children who are abandoned by their mothers there are more boys than girls. Perhaps there is a feeling in her who abandons the helpless little one that the boy can "shift for himself" better in the great world than the girl. Perhaps the unfortunate mother has learned this by her own experience. But the greatest demand for children to be adopted is for girls. The desire for the child comes from the mother, and she wants a daughter who will grow up and become a companion to her. And those who come to adopt the foundling children are usually very precise in their demands.

The child, they say, must have blue eyes and curly, golden hair and be old enough to talk—at the age, in other words, which is called "interesting." But all foundlings are not blue of eye and golden of hair. There are some little black-eyed strangers among them, and when the woman who would adopt a child visits the office of the superintendent the little black-eyed child, perhaps, is put in her arms, and perhaps the baby puts its little hand softly against the woman's cheek or neck, and she usually says at once:

"This one will do very well for me."

"People very often ask me," said Miss Walker, superintendent of the care of foundlings for the Charitable Aid Association, "if it is not a dangerous thing to take into the home one of these foundling children, about whose parents nothing is known or will ever be learned. The question cannot be answered from the experience of our own society, but a medical inspector who followed for twenty years the careers of foundlings who had been boarded out and adopted in Massachusetts has said that the foundlings compare favorably when they reach their growth with the children among whom they live, that there is no greater tendency apparent among them toward vice or crime. After all, the parents of these foundlings are the unfortunate and not the vicious ones."

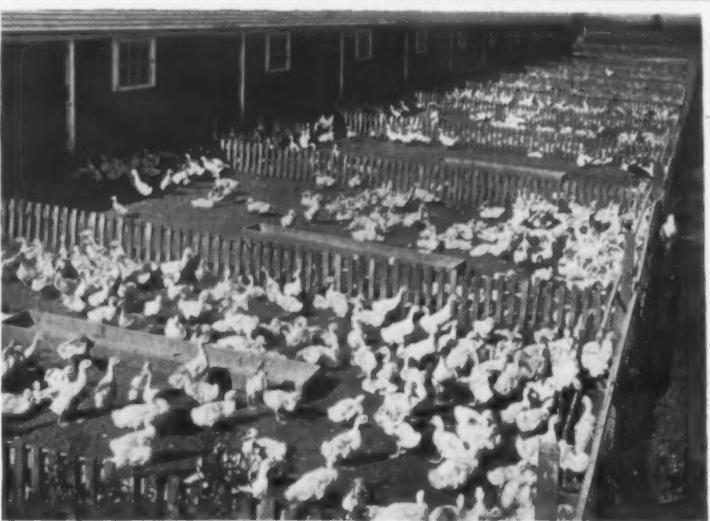
These two hundred and fifty little charges of New York are found in the greatest variety of places. One day some boys playing in a vacant lot saw a tall young woman hide a basket down in some weeds which grew there, and then hurry away. The curiosity of the children led them to the basket, and they found that its cover was strapped down and that two round holes had been cut in the straw at each end of the basket. They lifted the lid and disclosed a baby only a few days old. In great excitement the little boys ran to find a policeman. The baby was clothed in fine garments. It was carried to Bellevue Hospital and there baptized and put in care of the foundling society. Nothing more of its parents was ever known. They were, perhaps, well-to-do, and peculiarly considerate, too, for the holes which had been cut in the basket were there so that the baby should not suffer for breath.

Most of the foundlings are left in hallways of the tenements. One was found lying in a pool of water in a vacant basement; another was left on an elevated station; another was left in a hansom cab; a policeman found a little girl in Central Park; one was in an ash barrel; one on a Jersey ferry-boat; another was in a church; another on the front stairway of a home in a fashionable street. In Brooklyn is a theatre where mothers may check their children at a nursery at the play-house entrance while they go inside and enjoy the performance. A baby was checked at this theatre once for which no one ever called. And these foundlings grow to manhood and

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A LITTLE FOUNDLING AND ITS GOOD FOSTER-MOTHER.
Luckey.

FATTENING PEN, WHERE DUCKS GORGE THEMSELVES AND BECOME PLUMP.—*Phelan.*CACKLING PROCESSION OF "QUACKS" SURGING OUT OF BROODING HOUSE.—*Phelan.*

Our Biggest Duck Farm

By Harry Coburn Goodwin.

"I AM VERY partial toward roast duck for a Thanksgiving dinner," the late Roswell P. Flower, ex-Governor of New York, once remarked. Governor Flower might have had this thought in mind when, in 1896, he established the Jefferson County Duck Farm, near Watertown, N. Y. The farm has grown into one of the largest of its kind in the State, and every one of the 30,000 ducks annually raised and shipped to city markets brings a premium of two to three cents per pound. To those who delight in a tender roast of duck for a Thanksgiving feast the life's story of their favorite fowl must be interesting.

R. A. Tuttle, superintendent of the Flower farm, selects from the day's gathering a medium-sized, hard-shelled egg of perfect contour. The egg is washed and placed within the incubator, where the thermometer registers 103 degrees. After being subjected to this heat for five days the egg is tested by an expert. If found to be fertile it is left five days longer, when it is again tested. This time, if the embryo shows signs of life, the egg is returned to the incubator, where it is left for eighteen days more, making the total period of incubation twenty-eight days. On the last day a slight picking sound is heard. The shell cracks open. A little bundle of yellow down is seen to wriggle from its prison. The newly hatched duckling is placed in the "Nursery Brooder," where, by means of a hot-water system, a temperature ranging from seventy-five to ninety degrees is always

maintained. The duckling remains in this building for five days and its sustenance consists of stale bread soaked in warm milk.

From the nursery the little orphan is transferred to Brooder House No. 2, where the temperature is seventy degrees. During its five days' residence here corn meal and bran are added to its diet. On the tenth day the now rapidly growing fowl is placed in Brooder House No. 3 and its diet increased by the addition of green cut clover, corn, gluten, and beef scraps. In this building a temperature of sixty degrees is maintained. The next step in the journey is the "Cold Brooder," or House No. 4. By this time the duckling has become a lusty youngster. Here it remains for five weeks, at the end of which it is taken to House No. 5, where it is permitted to take the first plunge in the brook.

After leaving the No. 5 the young duck is taken to the "fattening pen," where, with hundreds of others, it is crowded into a small space to prevent over-exercising. In the fattening pen the feed consists of white flour mixed with gluten, corn meal, and beef scraps. At the end of the twelfth week the superintendent takes the fat-laden bird by the neck and carries it to the "killing house." Here the unfortunate fowl is suspended by the legs from a long pole, a weight is fastened into its bill to keep the head from swinging, a sharp knife is drawn swiftly across the roof of the mouth, the blood drips into a trough and is carried away by running water. Death soon results. The slain

fowl is thrown onto the "pickers' rack," where the blood is washed from the beak and the feet thoroughly scrubbed in hot water. The picker then dips it into a kettle of scalding water, after which the feathers are removed and those salable packed in bags and sent to Boston, where they sell at forty cents a pound. After being picked the duck is placed on ice over night. The next day it is packed in cracked ice and shipped to the metropolitan market.

The amount of work entailed to take thirty thousand ducks through the twelve weeks of their existence may be imagined when one considers that besides the superintendent six men and nine women are kept busy from early morning till night. During the hatching season, which extends from January to August, sixty incubators, each with a capacity of two hundred and eighty eggs, are kept running constantly, the eggs being supplied by about eight hundred "old stock." Two tons of mixed feed, aside from hundreds of loaves of stale bread, are required every day to feed this vast flock. A week's shipment averages three tons of dressed fowls.

Produces Strength for Work

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

It perfects digestion, enriches the blood, calms and strengthens the nerves, and builds up the general health. It is the most permanently beneficial Tonic.

WATERING PLACE AND PARADISE OF THE WHITE HOSTS OF DUCKLINGS.—*Phelan.*



One Thousand Miles of Collars

WOMAN'S WORK IN ONE AMERICAN CITY—TROY, N. Y.

By Harry Beardsley

IF ALL of the collars and cuffs made in a year in Troy, N. Y., were placed in a single line, end to end, that line would be more than a thousand miles long. It would extend from New York City to Chicago with several miles to spare. Ninety-five per cent. of all the collars manufactured in the United States are produced in New York State, and 85 per cent. of the entire country's product comes from Troy. That an industry of this magnitude and one whose product is of such general use should be concentrated in a city of 75,000 inhabitants is perhaps the most interesting industrial phenomenon in the country. From it arises a variety of unique conditions.

Troy is called "the collar city" of the world. Here the very first collar detached from the shirt and bearing a semblance to that article of apparel as it is known to-day was made; and since that time, seventy-five years ago, the industry has increased, with Troy always as its centre, until now collar-manufacturing involves twenty million dollars annually and gives employment to nearly 18,000 persons, whose wages amount in the aggregate to between eight and nine million dollars.

Although the factories which construct these finishing touches of a man's attire are in some instances immense plants employing thousands of people—great, buzzing nests of activity—a large and important part of the work is done by women in their homes. For this is distinctively a woman's work, and while in the city of Troy the great factories are humming, through all the country round, in the farm-houses and villages within a radius of fifty miles, the women sitting in their own homes are helping to make the collars of the United States. It is the skill of these women as well as those who are employed within the factories that enables thirty manufacturers in and near Troy to turn out complete every year about 60,000,000 collars, cuffs, and shirts; and it is these same women, in the small houses of the city, in the villages roundabout, and on the farms, that make it impossible for this industry to live elsewhere.

There is no other community in the country where the women have acquired this skill, and so the factories remain in Troy, and when a new one is founded its home is of necessity at Troy. At Albany, six miles away, at Glens Falls, N. Y., a little farther north, are collar factories of consequence, but they are not so far removed as to be unable to use the skilled labor of the "Trojan" women, who have been educated for this special work through three generations.

Other large manufacturing industries have left the East, drifting westward with the tide of population. Troy was once the heart of the stove industry. Now most of the stoves are made in Michigan and other Western States. In moving their plants the stove manufacturers went nearer to their centres of distribution. They have saved money in freight and saved time of transportation, which is also money. Like that of every other manufactured commodity the Western market for collars, cuffs, and shirts is growing more rapidly than the Eastern, but the factories have not moved with the market. They have performed remained in Troy because natural conditions and the women willed it so. The experiment has been tried. An effort was made and a large amount of money was expended to establish collar factories in another district in New York State. But the venture was a disaster. The manufacturers were unable to get the skilled labor which is the necessity of the business.

The women who make collars in their own homes are usually housewives, most of them working at the collars for "pin money," by using the time which they can snatch from their household duties. In their leisure moments the women of Troy and the villages and farms which are tributary to it do not knit. They work on collars. The craft is taught by mother to daughter, so that while the old grandmother, sitting in her corner, is "turning" collars, the young girl, her grandchild, is busy with the same work; and when the mother has finished her household duties she picks up the collars with the others. Sometimes the woman who is very skillful with the collar-making employs another for the duties of housekeeping and uses all her own time at her trade, making enough money frequently to support her family.

The girl working in the factory is married. She and her husband have perhaps a little cottage of their own. After the honeymoon and when life under the new conditions has become a routine, the young wife finds that she has idle hours during the day. She has formed the habit of industry by her work in the factory; besides, the money which she could earn by her skillful fingers would be a substantial aid in the support of the new home. So she goes to the factory where she was employed and she receives her portion of home work to do. There are hundreds of just such situations in Troy or near it. On account of this fact young people are able to marry when, were it not for this opportunity for the wife to contribute to the expenses of the home, the marriage could not take place.

The fact that so much collar-making is done in the homes of the Troy district has brought into existence another industry, small and subsidiary. This is the delivery of "piece-work" from the factory to the home, and, after the women have done their work, the return of the goods to the factory. There are thousands of these deliveries to be made, and during busy seasons scores of men and boys are engaged in it. Each stage-coach, trolley, or steam car that runs daily into Troy from surround-

ing places—Mechanicsville, Ballston, Greenwich, Hoosick Falls, North Stephentown, Grafton, Barber, and other places—carries bundles or baskets of collars ready for the next process in the factory, and when the conveyances return they carry with them more bundles containing more work. The bundles and baskets are collected at the gates or the doorways in the villages or at the farm-houses, and when the conveyance returns it is met by some one who is on the lookout as one is on the lookout for the postman. For the delivery of one of these bundles the stage-driver usually receives ten cents from the farm or village women, so that each trip with a laden wagon is a profitable one for him. So many women in these villages are engaged in collar-making that one who passes along the street in the early morning before the stage has come is surprised to see the roadway lined with baskets and bundles waiting at the cottage gates for transportation.

The beginning of collar-making was in a home in Troy. It was in the year 1829, and the records say that a Methodist minister, one Ebenezer Brown, who had retired from his pulpit on account of ill health and conducted a little furnishing-goods shop, contrived the first collar. It was called the "String Bishop," and in some respects it resembled the golf stock of the present day. It was a standing collar and, like a clerical one, was not open in front. The ends of the collar formed the tie. These ends were crossed at the back of the neck and then brought around to the front and tied in a double-bow knot.

Until that time the prevalent collar had been that which was a component part of the shirt. The "Bishop" was made by Mrs. Brown, the minister's wife. The novelty of it attracted attention. Soon there was a demand for these new collars and Mrs. Brown had more than she could do. Her husband, the minister, employed other women, who were instructed in the work, and the infant industry, being established, began to grow. The minister, its founder, carried his product from door to door in a basket, selling his collars at twenty-five cents each. His trade increased until he had little factories in Troy, Lansingburg, and Albany. The Rev. Ebenezer Brown was making money. His success attracted others, who, learning his methods, embarked in the same business; and thus Troy became the collar city of the country. Some of those who are to-day engaged in the manufacture of collars in this great collar centre are the descendants of women who made collars in the days of Ebenezer Brown. It has come to be almost an inherited skill.

The next great epoch in the industry was marked by the introduction of the sewing-machine. At first the collar-makers hesitated. The employers and the workers had the usual prejudice against an innovation. When machines for stitching were first offered to the manufacturers there was only one who would undertake the experiment; but his success soon forced the others to adopt the new invention, and then the manufacture of collars rose to another plane, from the small, slow work of the hand and needle and shears, to the whirl and hum and wonderful rapidity and efficiency of the machine. And gradually the steel and the brass in its cunning mechanical adaptations of force have encroached upon the field of human sinew until a modern collar factory is now a great organized machine, and the men and women, the operators, are only a small part of the mechanism.

By far the preponderance of the machine work is, of course, the sewing, and it is in this department that the greatest number of machines is employed. The sewing-machines have always been operated by women. As in the days of the Rev. Ebenezer Brown, when the sewing-machines were first introduced practically all the work of making the collar was done in the homes of the women who were employed. They bought and operated their own machines. As the business grew it became apparent that time could be saved and inconvenience avoided by having all the machines in one room at the factory. At first they were run by the foot power of the operator, while the employer furnished the light and heat for the room. Then it was evident that each operator could accomplish more if power were supplied. But the operators still own their machines, although they are run by power supplied by the company which employs them.

Sewing-machines, such as are used in the collar factories, cost from \$22.50 to \$100. The manufacturer usually buys the machine first, and then sells it to the operator on small weekly payments, fifty cents or one dollar, according to the cost of the machine. One would naturally suppose that the making of a collar is a very simple process—little cutting, a little sewing, some buttonholes, washing, and ironing. In general this is all, but each process involves innumerable details. Each manufacturer is striving constantly to produce a collar that will be pleasing to the customer. One has no idea what a particular class of work it is to make a collar.

The manufacturer, better than any one else, realizes this physical fact: that the neck is a peculiarly sensitive part of the body. He knows that nothing causes the ordinary man greater discomfort or more annoyance than an ill-fitting, irritating collar. The problem before the manufacturer is to produce a large quantity and yet have each collar perfect. This requires constant inspection. In one large Troy factory two hundred persons, mostly women, are engaged constantly in looking for defective work. The collar is inspected at every stage of its progress. And as each dozen bears the number of the employé who

worked on them, the mistake is quickly traced. Often it is the piece of goods or the machinery that is at fault.

From the time of its inception in the mind of the manufacturer to its delivery in the neat box packed in a large case at the freight depot, a collar passes through many handlings. "Ideas" for new shapes in collars come from suggestions made by the traveling men of the collar companies, who watch the tendency of the neckwear and who learn by contact with people the pleasing and displeasing features of a brand of collars. English styles are sometimes copied; and when one manufacturer has introduced a popular brand others hasten to make collars of a similar pattern. The style is affected sometimes by the fashion in neckwear, and new styles are sometimes successfully introduced by leading haberdashers.

The evolution of the collar is interesting. The new style is sketched out and then wooden patterns are made, a pattern for each separate part of the collar. The linen and cotton from which the collar is to be cut is lying stretched on long tables. The cutter, with his short, sharp blade, cuts out the different parts of the collar through about forty-eight thicknesses of white cloth, cotton for the interlining, usually linen for the outside. A machine is also used for this work on the collars of plain patterns and it will cut eight hundred dozen a day, while a man with his knife will not cut out more than an average of ninety-six dozen. Then before any stitching is done that piece of the collar which later becomes that part of the band next to the neck is stamped with its name and size and number by a printing machine.

In making standing collars and in the case of some of the turndown collars the succeeding process is the pasting together of two of the different layers, which is rapidly done with a daub of the paste-brush; so that the "running," or stitching together of the parts—the next operation—can be done without delay. The pasting is performed by women, some in their homes, others in the factory. The "running," the first machine work, is done in the rooms filled with the rumbling, whirring machines. From that time forward the machine predominates.

The "turning," the next process, however, is the most important work done by the women outside of the factories. The collar or band which has been stitched wrong side out is turned by hand, then the edges are turned in even, and the collar is ironed. For this work women in their homes receive two and a half or three cents a dozen and make from one to eight dollars a week, according to the time employed. After it is turned the collar is taken back to the factory and again stitched and overseamed. Then the band, if the collar is a turndown, having been through a similar experience, is sewed into the "top" of the collar. The buttonholes are then made by wonderfully rapid machines which punch and surround the buttonhole with stitches in a very few seconds.

In special instances—collars of highest grade—buttonholes are made by hand and are worked by the farmers' wives, who receive fourteen cents a dozen collars, each having three buttonholes. After the buttonholes are finished the collars are sent to the laundry in immense quantities and washed for four hours in great revolving tubs that resemble inclosed steamer wheels, where in successive stages the soap, bleaches, and rinses are applied. Some collar factories have laundries of their own. The wet collars are dried by centrifugal machinery, but starched by hand, and the starchers in the factories which have their own laundries are the best-paid employés.

The starchers are all women, and they stand at long tables rubbing the starch into the collars by hand and then wiping them with a cloth. It is hard work, because the temperature of the room is high and the women are always on their feet. They make from ten to twenty-four dollars a week, and are paid by the dozen collars. Those who earn the most in collar-making, where nearly all the work is "piece work," arrive at the factories at seven o'clock in the morning and remain until six at night, taking sometimes only five minutes' time for lunch and moving with lightning speed at their work. The work, however, is not necessarily arduous. Many of the factory girls do not go to their places of employment until half-past eight or nine o'clock, and leave the factory at five in the afternoon. As they are paid by the number of dozens of collars, cuffs, or shirts which they handle, and not by the hour, the length of their day's work is optional.

After the collars have been starched they are hung in drying rooms, where a temperature of two hundred degrees is maintained. They are soon dry enough for ironing. This is the last process in the making of a collar, and is performed chiefly by machinery. Collars are fed into a dampening machine which is like a huge wringer, in which a dozen of the white strips of neckwear are put at once, and afterward they are as rapidly placed in an ironing machine which is also like a great wringer, with heated rolls; and a dozen or thirteen collars are put into it at once by one girl. In one of the factories is another machine, which afterward irons the collars in circular form. The best collars are, however, ironed by hand, the work being performed by women. Shirts are ironed by hand by men and women, and men, being stronger, are the better ironers.

There are so many processes in collar-making that only a very general description of them has been given here; much has been of necessity omitted. The mechanical part of the industry alone is worthy of a book, for in it

Continued on page 527.



HOW THE NAMES ARE PRINTED ON COLLARS.



TYING COLLARS BEFORE BOXING IN THE STOCK-ROOM.



CUTTING OUT THE FINER COLLARS BY HAND.



THE UNITED SHIRT AND COLLAR COMPANY MAKING ITS OWN BOXES FOR COLLARS, CUFFS, AND SHIRTS.



A COUNTRY STAGE LOADING UNFINISHED COLLARS FOR WOMEN AT THE FACTORY.



A TROY FREIGHT DEPOT CHOKED WITH GREAT CASES OF COLLARS.



A BUSY MACHINE-ROOM FILLED WITH WOMEN OPERATORS.



A MACHINE WHICH SEWS ON 21,000 BUTTONS A DAY.

THE HOMeward RUSH OF COLLAR EMPLOYEES AT THE CLOSE OF THE DAY'S WORK.—*Lloyd*.

INGENIOUS STEAM JET FOR BENDING TABS ON COLLARS.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE LINEN COLLAR.

A TREMENDOUS INDUSTRY, EMPLOYING THOUSANDS OF MEN AND WOMEN, CONCENTRATED AT TROY, N. Y.

Photographed by our staff photographer, G. B. Luckey. See opposite page.



One Thousand Miles of Collars

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By Harry Beardsley

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The women who make collars in their own homes are usually housewives, most of them working at the collars for "pin money," by using the time which they can snatch from their household duties. In their leisure moments the women of Troy and the villages and farms which are tributary to it do not knit. They work on collars. The craft is taught by mother to daughter, so that while the old grandmother, sitting in her corner, is "turning" collars, the young girl, her grandchild, is busy with the same work; and when the mother has finished her household duties she picks up the collars with the others. Sometimes the woman who is very skillful with the collar-making employs another for the duties of housekeeping and uses all her own time at her trade, making enough money frequently to support her family.

The girl working in the factory is married. She and her husband have perhaps a little cottage of their own. After the honeymoon and when life under the new conditions has become a routine, the young wife finds that she has idle hours during the day. She has formed the habit of industry by her work in the factory; besides, the money which she could earn by her skillful fingers would be a substantial aid in the support of the new home. So she goes to the factory where she was employed and she receives her portion of home work to do. There are hundreds of just such situations in Troy or near it. On account of this fact young people are able to marry when, were it not for this opportunity for the wife to contribute to the expenses of the home, the marriage could not take place.

The fact that so much collar-making is done in the homes of the Troy district has brought into existence another, industry, small and subsidiary. This is the delivery of "piece-work" from the factory to the home, and, after the women have done their work, the return of the goods to the factory. There are thousands of these deliveries to be made, and during busy seasons scores of men and boys are engaged in it. Each stage-coach, trolley, or steam car that runs daily into Troy from surround-

ing places—Mechanicsville, Ballston, Greenwich, Hoosick Falls, North Stephentown, Grafton, Barber, and other places—carries bundles or baskets of collars ready for the next process in the factory, and when the conveyances return they carry with them more bundles containing more work. The bundles and baskets are collected at the gates or the doorways in the villages or at the farm-houses, and when the conveyance returns it is met by some one who is on the lookout as one is on the lookout for the postman. For the delivery of one of these bundles the stage-driver usually receives ten cents from the farm or village women, so that each trip with a laden wagon is a profitable one for him. So many women in these villages are engaged in collar-making that one who passes along the street in the early morning before the stage has come is surprised to see the roadway lined with baskets and bundles waiting at the cottage gates for transportation.

The beginning of collar-making was in a home in Troy. It was in the year 1829, and the records say that a Methodist minister, one Ebenezer Brown, who had retired from his pulpit on account of ill health and conducted a little furnishing-goods shop, contrived the first collar. It was called the "String Bishop," and in some respects it resembled the golf stock of the present day. It was a standing collar and, like a clerical one, was not open in front. The ends of the collar formed the tie. These ends were crossed at the back of the neck and then brought around to the front and tied in a double-bow knot.

Until that time the prevalent collar had been that which was a component part of the shirt. The "Bishop" was made by Mrs. Brown, the minister's wife. The novelty of it attracted attention. Soon there was a demand for these new collars and Mrs. Brown had more than she could do. Her husband, the minister, employed other women, who were instructed in the work, and the infant industry, being established, began to grow. The minister, its founder, carried his product from door to door in a basket, selling his collars at twenty-five cents each. His trade increased until he had little factories in Troy, Lansingburg, and Albany. The Rev. Ebenezer Brown was making money. His success attracted others, who, learning his methods, embarked in the same business; and thus Troy became the collar city of the country. Some of those who are to-day engaged in the manufacture of collars in this great collar centre are the descendants of women who made collars in the days of Ebenezer Brown. It has come to be almost an inherited skill.

The next great epoch in the industry was marked by the introduction of the sewing-machine. At first the collar-makers hesitated. The employers and the workers had the usual prejudice against an innovation. When machines for stitching were first offered to the manufacturers there was only one who would undertake the experiment; but his success soon forced the others to adopt the new invention, and then the manufacture of collars rose to another plane, from the small, slow work of the hand and needle and shears, to the whirl and hum and wonderful rapidity and efficiency of the machine. And gradually the steel and the brass in its cunning mechanical adaptations of force have encroached upon the field of human sinew until a modern collar factory is now a great organized machine, and the men and women, the operators, are only a small part of the mechanism.

By far the preponderance of the machine work is, of course, the sewing, and it is in this department that the greatest number of machines is employed. The sewing-machines have always been operated by women. As in the days of the Rev. Ebenezer Brown, when the sewing-machines were first introduced practically all the work of making the collar was done in the homes of the women who were employed. They bought and operated their own machines. As the business grew it became apparent that time could be saved and inconvenience avoided by having all the machines in one room at the factory. At first they were run by the foot power of the operator, while the employer furnished the light and heat for the room. Then it was evident that each operator could accomplish more if power were supplied. But the operators still own their machines, although they are run by power supplied by the company which employs them.

Sewing-machines, such as are used in the collar factories, cost from \$22.50 to \$100. The manufacturer usually buys the machine first, and then sells it to the operator on small weekly payments, fifty cents or one dollar, according to the cost of the machine. One would naturally suppose that the making of a collar is a very simple process—a little cutting, a little sewing, some buttonholes, washing, and ironing. In general this is all, but each process involves innumerable details. Each manufacturer is striving constantly to produce a collar that will be pleasing to the customer. One has no idea what a particular class of work it is to make a collar.

The manufacturer, better than any one else, realizes this physical fact: that the neck is a peculiarly sensitive part of the body. He knows that nothing causes the ordinary man greater discomfort or more annoyance than an ill-fitting, irritating collar. The problem before the manufacturer is to produce a large quantity and yet have each collar perfect. This requires constant inspection. In one large Troy factory two hundred persons, mostly women, are engaged constantly in looking for defective work. The collar is inspected at every stage of its progress. And as each dozen bears the number of the employé who

worked on them, the mistake is quickly traced. Often it is the piece of goods or the machinery that is at fault.

From the time of its inception in the mind of the manufacturer to its delivery in the neat box packed in a large case at the freight depot, a collar passes through many handlings. "Ideas" for new shapes in collars come from suggestions made by the traveling men of the collar companies, who watch the tendency of the neckwear and who learn by contact with people the pleasing and displeasing features of a brand of collars. English styles are sometimes copied; and when one manufacturer has introduced a popular brand others hasten to make collars of a similar pattern. The style is affected sometimes by the fashion in neckwear, and new styles are sometimes successfully introduced by leading haberdashers.

The evolution of the collar is interesting. The new style is sketched out and then wooden patterns are made, a pattern for each separate part of the collar. The linen and cotton from which the collar is to be cut is lying stretched on long tables. The cutter, with his short, sharp blade, cuts out the different parts of the collar through about forty-eight thicknesses of white cloth, cotton for the interlining, usually linen for the outside. A machine is also used for this work on the collars of plain patterns and it will cut eight hundred dozen a day, while a man with his knife will not cut out more than an average of ninety-six dozen. Then before any stitching is done that piece of the collar which later becomes that part of the band next to the neck is stamped with its name and size and number by a printing machine.

In making standing collars and in the case of some of the turndown collars the succeeding process is the pasting together of two of the different layers, which is rapidly done with a daub of the paste-brush; so that the "running," or stitching together of the parts—the next operation—can be done without delay. The pasting is performed by women, some in their homes, others in the factory. The "running," the first machine work, is done in the rooms filled with the rumbling, whirring machines. From that time forward the machine predominates.

The "turning," the next process, however, is the most important work done by the women outside of the factories. The collar or band which has been stitched wrong side out is turned by hand, then the edges are turned in even, and the collar is ironed. For this work women in their homes receive two and a half or three cents a dozen and make from one to eight dollars a week, according to the time employed. After it is turned the collar is taken back to the factory and again stitched and overseamed. Then the band, if the collar is a turndown, having been through a similar experience, is sewed into the "top" of the collar. The buttonholes are then made by wonderfully rapid machines which punch and surround the buttonhole with stitches in a very few seconds.

In special instances—collars of highest grade—buttonholes are made by hand and are worked by the farmers' wives, who receive fourteen cents a dozen collars, each having three buttonholes. After the buttonholes are finished the collars are sent to the laundry in immense quantities and washed for four hours in great revolving tubs that resemble inclosed steamer wheels, where in successive stages the soap, bleaches, and rinses are applied. Some collar factories have laundries of their own. The wet collars are dried by centrifugal machinery, but starched by hand, and the starchers in the factories which have their own laundries are the best-paid employés.

The starchers are all women, and they stand at long tables rubbing the starch into the collars by hand and then wiping them with a cloth. It is hard work, because the temperature of the room is high and the women are always on their feet. They make from ten to twenty-four dollars a week, and are paid by the dozen collars. Those who earn the most in collar-making, where nearly all the work is "piece work," arrive at the factories at seven o'clock in the morning and remain until six at night, taking sometimes only five minutes' time for lunch and moving with lightning speed at their work. The work, however, is not necessarily arduous. Many of the factory girls do not go to their places of employment until half-past eight or nine o'clock, and leave the factory at five in the afternoon. As they are paid by the number of dozens of collars, cuffs, or shirts which they handle, and not by the hour, the length of their day's work is optional.

After the collars have been starched they are hung in drying rooms, where a temperature of two hundred degrees is maintained. They are soon dry enough for ironing. This is the last process in the making of a collar, and is performed chiefly by machinery. Collars are fed into a dampening machine which is like a huge wringer, in which a dozen of the white strips of neckwear are put at once, and afterward they are as rapidly placed in an ironing machine which is also like a great wringer, with heated rolls; and a dozen or thirteen collars are put into it at once by one girl. In one of the factories is another machine, which afterward irons the collars in circular form. The best collars are, however, ironed by hand, the work being performed by women. Shirts are ironed by hand by men and women, and men, being stronger, are the better ironers.

There are so many processes in collar-making that only a very general description of them has been given here; much has been of necessity omitted. The mechanical part of the industry alone is worthy of a book, for in it

Continued on page 527.



HOW THE NAMES ARE PRINTED ON COLLARS.



TYING COLLARS BEFORE BOXING IN THE STOCK-ROOM.



CUTTING OUT THE FINER COLLARS BY HAND.



THE UNITED SHIRT AND COLLAR COMPANY MAKING ITS OWN BOXES FOR COLLARS, CUFFS, AND SHIRTS.



A COUNTRY STAGE LOADING UNFINISHED COLLARS FOR WOMEN AT THE FACTORY.



A TROY FREIGHT DEPOT CHOKED WITH GREAT CASES OF COLLARS.



A BUSY MACHINE-ROOM FILLED WITH WOMEN OPERATORS.



A MACHINE WHICH SEWS ON 21,600 BUTTONS A DAY.

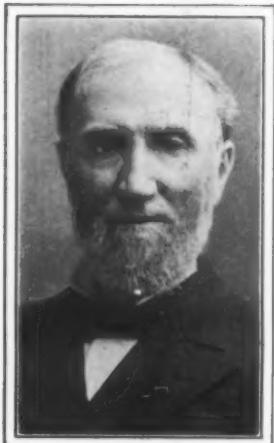
THE HOMeward RUSH OF COLLAR EMPLOYEES AT THE CLOSE OF THE DAY'S WORK.—*Lloyd*.

INGENIOUS STEAM JET FOR BENDING TABS ON COLLARS.

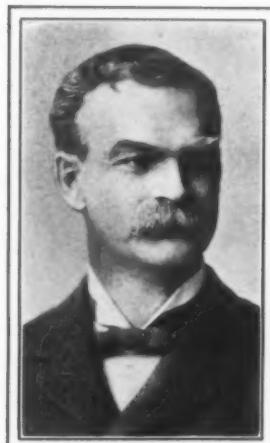
THE EVOLUTION OF THE LINEN COLLAR.

A TREMENDOUS INDUSTRY, EMPLOYING THOUSANDS OF MEN AND WOMEN, CONCENTRATED AT TROY, N. Y.

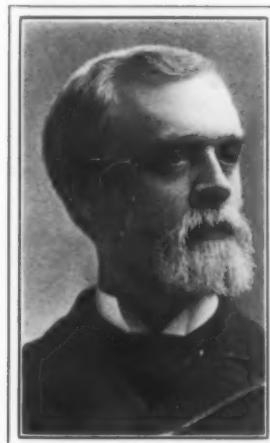
Photographed by our staff photographer, G. B. Luckey. See opposite page.



JOSEPH G. CANNON,
Veteran Congressman from Illinois,
"watch-dog of Treasury."



CHARLES E. LITTLEFIELD,
Of Maine, one of the strongest
orators in Congress.



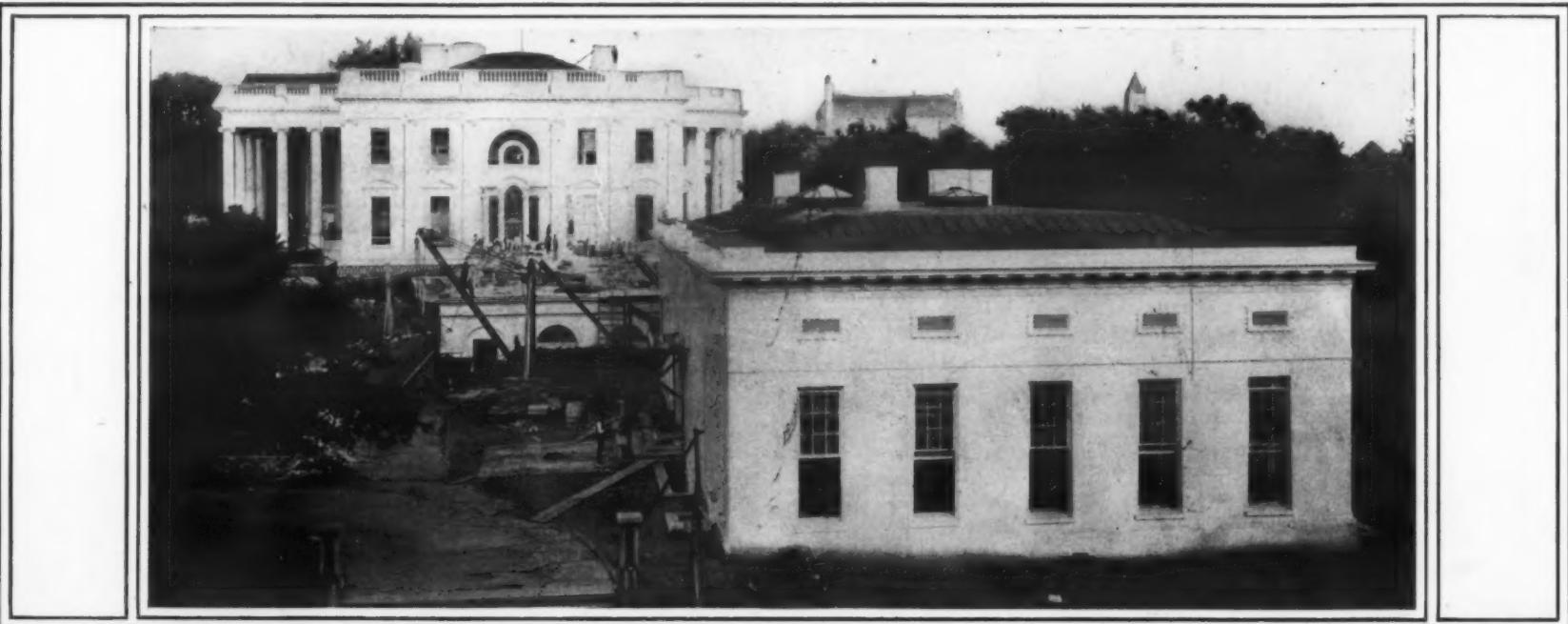
SERENO E. PAYNE,
Of New York, chairman of the
Committee on Ways and Means.



JOHN DALZELL,
Prominent member from
Pennsylvania.

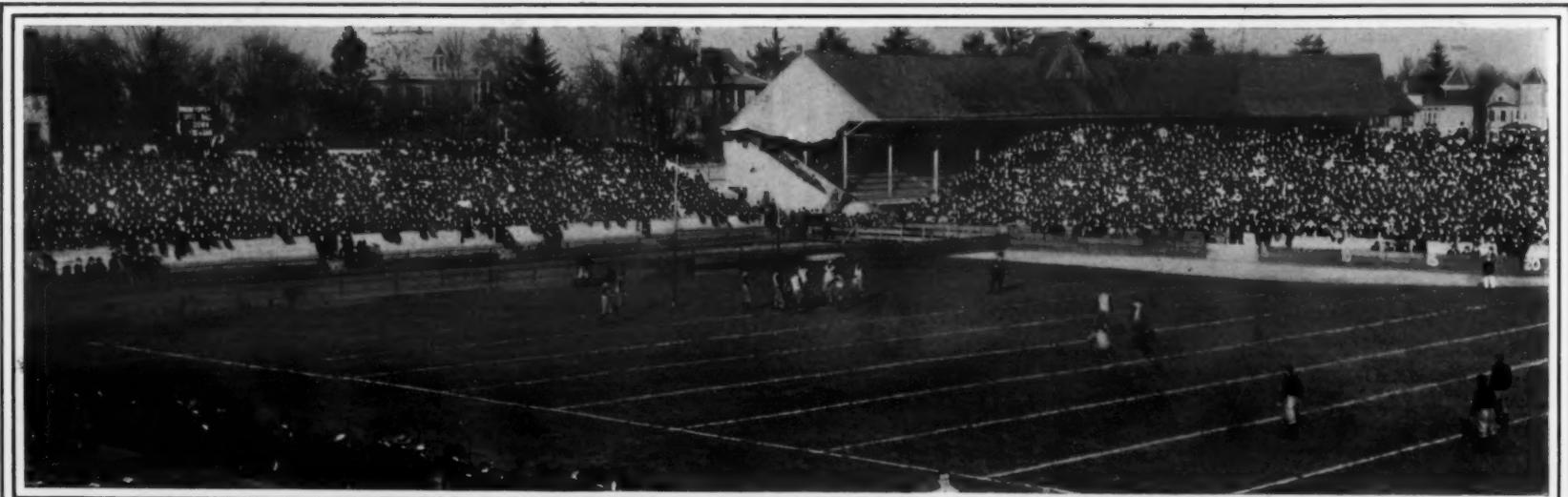
CANDIDATES FOR SPEAKER OF THE NEXT NATIONAL HOUSE.

FOUR ABLE AND POPULAR MEN OF BROAD EXPERIENCE WHO ASPIRE TO PRESIDE OVER THE LOWER BRANCH OF CONGRESS.



FIRST ADDITION EVER MADE TO THE HISTORIC WHITE HOUSE.

LONG-NEEDED NEW OFFICE BUILDING AT WASHINGTON, IN WHICH THE PRESIDENT NOW TRANSACTS ALL PUBLIC BUSINESS.—*Dunn*.



MOMENTOUS PLAY IN THE YALE-PRINCETON FOOTBALL GAME.

BOWMAN KICKING GOAL FOR YALE IN A MAGNIFICENT CONTEST AT PRINCETON, N. J., IN WHICH YALE WON, 12 TO 5.—*Hare*.

Ruskin's Hopeless Love.

A CONTRIBUTOR to an English contemporary states that there is in existence a letter by Ruskin which he himself has seen, giving Ruskin's own account of the separation from his wife. It shows, we are told, that there was nothing more than incompatibility between them. The real passion of Ruskin's life came to him when he was a man past fifty. He fell in love with an Irish girl, Rosie Latouche. She loved him, but their religious differences were insuperable. The girl died while still a girl, and Ruskin broke down. The misfortune clouded the rest of his life in despair. He fell in with Spiritualists, who revealed to him the spirit of his dead lady. Hence came the crushing collapse which ultimately overthrew his brain.

When a Woman Is Happiest.

LADY ARABELLA ROMILLY discusses, in an English magazine, the question, "What is the happiest period of a woman's life?" She says: "Must not a woman wait till her life is nearly over before she can answer that question truthfully? For to each woman, married or maid, the idea of happiness must differ according to her temperament or estate. But in summing up many examples, in looking back on beautiful memories, married, I think that the happiest period of a woman's life is the time when she has a nursery full of little children—the baby years."

Salesmen's Trials.

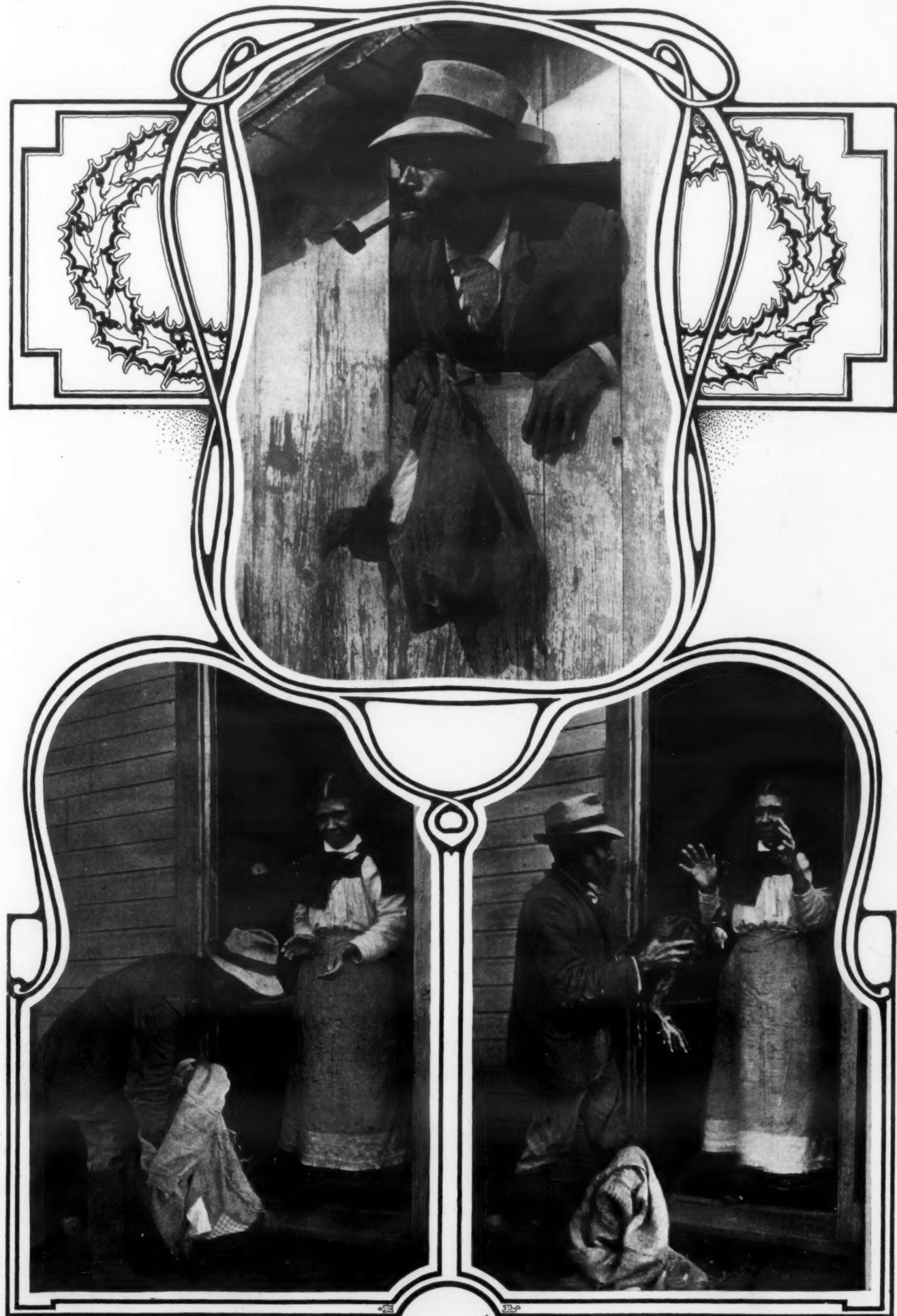
BAD FOOD IS ONE OF THEM.

ROAD traveling is rather hard on salesmen. Irregular hours, indifferent hotels and badly cooked food play smash with their digestion.

An old Philadelphia traveler tells how he got the start of his troubles by using Grape-Nuts. "For years I was troubled with a bad stomach, which gave me constant headaches and pains all through my body, caused by eating improper food. I spent considerable money on doctors, who said I had indigestion, and after taking medicine for a year and it doing me no good, I decided to go on a diet, but the different cereals I ate did not help me. If it hadn't been for the advice of a friend to try Grape-Nuts, I might be ailing yet."

"I commenced to feel better in a short time after using the food; my indigestion left me; stomach regained its tone so that I could eat anything, and headaches stopped. I have gained in weight, and have a better complexion than I had for years. At many hotels, the salesmen will have nothing in the line of cereals but Grape-Nuts, as they consider it not only delicious, but also beneficial for their health in the life they lead." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

STRONG and better men and women are those who use Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Druggists.



"THE AFRICAN INVASION."
A THANKSGIVING STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

Told in photographs by Andrew Emerine, Jr.

The Promised Land—The Story of a Real Thanksgiving

By Mabel Clare Craft

"BE CAREFUL, Dong Ho; don't fall, don't fall. Keep in the middle and the bamboo won't creak so. Take hold of the roof and pull yourself up."

The words came through the open skylight of a flat-roofed house in San Francisco's Chinatown, in a sharp and hissing but stifled whisper. It was the chill hour before the dawn of a dark March morning, and two small, tattered figures were clinging to a sagging bamboo ladder which led from an attic and slavery to a flat roof and freedom.

The thin cotton trousers of the little Chinese serving-maids blew about their slender ankles, and their blouses bellied out like sails. The child in advance was heavy-featured, almost stolid; the girl who protected the rear had a mobile face, with a low forehead and eyes that danced in her plump yellow cheeks. The first child carried a bundle tied in a faded bandanna handkerchief and was visibly trembling; the second was enjoying the adventure.

Around them in every direction stretched the monotony of the roofs of Chinatown—Chinatown, once the abode of fashion and wealth, now given over to Oriental occupation, with its alternating brilliancy and squalor, its bright red papers fastened beside every window and door to frighten away evil spirits, and its great, beautiful, transparent, bobbing lanterns, like apples of the Hesperides. Two blocks away, motionless in the still morning air, hung the big yellow flag of the Chinese consulate. A terrible dragon was embroidered upon it, but the folds of his voluminous tail and the lightning of his vigilant eye afforded no protection to little slave girls running away. Above them rose the higher parts of the city—American homes, terrace on terrace, with streets cut out between, like gingerbread slices, and near by a golden cross faintly tipped with the dawn's glory was as powerless to protect the children as the sleeping dragon on his yellow bed. The eyes of Dong Ho filled with tears. In one hand she held her bundle while the other was firmly clasped in the heartening grasp of Suey Leen, who led her over the roofs. Suey Leen talked as they walked, climbing over chimney-pots and low partitions, and passing carefully from house to house.

"You must go down when you come to a stairway, little sister," Suey Leen was saying, though Dong Ho was taller than she and older, "and then you must hide all day till it gets dark and then hunt for the school. Remember it is up and not down the hill, Dong Ho. Whatever you do, keep climbing the hill and you will find the school in time. Tell them that I'm coming too," she added, a little wistfully.

"Oh, come with me now, sister; I'm afraid to go alone. I shall be lost, I shall be lost," wailed the traveler.

"Hush, hush," said the other. "Don't make so much noise. I dare not go with you. You know very well that the whole town would be roused in an hour and that we should both be caught. Perhaps the fear of losing me will keep them from pressing you too closely. And whatever else you do, don't forget that it is up the hill, not down, for if you come back to the Quarter you are lost."

It grew lighter and more light. The rubbish on the roofs was plainly visible now, and a little way off was one where thousands of fish had been hung to dry. The unsavory incense smelled to heaven, and already the fishermen were coming out to turn over their stock, damp from the night's fog. Suey Leen saw them with apprehension and, hugging Dong Ho spasmodically, and repeating her directions for the hundredth time, she turned and fled noiselessly toward the skylight whence she had emerged.

For hours Dong Ho waited, sometimes behind chimneys, sometimes behind a box, while the sun climbed the sky, the church bell rang in a red tower not far away, and the Sabbath calm fell over the noisy streets. Cable cars rumbled below her, the hoofs of horses clicked over stone cobbles, and silent Oriental figures shuffled in and out of sombre doorways, whose fan-lights and marble steps told a tale of better days. At last Dong Ho came to a roof that led to none other. Below was the street, and at one side a small hole led into a dark hallway by means of a very decrepit ladder. To go back meant to go down hill, and Dong Ho had but one purpose in life—to go "up the hill." Down the ladder she went with fear and trembling. As she hesitated, her small, sleek head like a swallow's above the ladder, some one came up

to the roof not ten feet away, and instinctively ducking, Dong Ho plunged into the lower darkness. The ladder led into a long hallway. At one side she heard the voices of men playing *fan-tan* and two stories below her was a faint glow—the light of the street. Faint with hunger and weeping, Dong Ho and her bundle squeezed themselves into a dark and ill-smelling corner under the stairs, and from there two small dark eyes shone through the semi-gloom and two small ears listened alertly, missing not the slightest sound. Once, when a crowd of men lounged out, Dong Ho shrank into a still smaller compass, but even then their blouses swept her shoulder. They were so near that she dared remain no longer, for the sun had crept around and one long sunset ray illuminated the tiny covert where she lay. At last, plucking up her last bit of courage, she arose on her stiffened legs and fled silently down the hallway and into the dusky street.

She was in a region of houses—old, but not yet entirely given over to Chinese occupancy—and for a long time she stood on a corner, unable to decide what to do. Presently it was borne in on her slow brain that she was attracting too much attention. An evil-looking Chinese with long straight locks hanging about the base of his queue was standing under a street lamp, regarding her unpleasantly. In despair, she fled up the steps of the nearest house.

Now the gods who watch over the river people must have been with Dong Ho just then. Had she turned to the left she would have gone to a house where the Chinese residents would have promptly returned her to her master, but, still bearing in mind her mystic talisman, "up the hill," she chanced to run up the steps of a crusty old bachelor who possessed a perfect treasure of an old Chinese servitor. Fay Sook was passing through the hall and heard a faint knock at the door as though some bird were pecking for entrance. He opened the door and there, in the twilight, stood a pathetic little figure, tears in its eyes and on its cheeks, and a bundle tightly clutched in its hand.

"The school, the school, the school on the hill," she sobbed.

Instantly Fay Sook knew what she meant, and read the situation at one glance of his clever, beady eyes. He knew the red-brick mission house, the House Beautiful of so many Chinese girls. Often he had given them flowers and he had even been bidden to some of the weddings when the charges of the mission were graduated into wifehood for some of the Chinese men of the quarter. But he would not have dared to take the runaway slave there himself. The tongs are strong, their knives are sharp, and their aim is good. Fay Sook left the door ajar and vanished into the hall, just as the evil-faced Chinese passed below on the sidewalk to see what was transpiring on the terrace above. But Fay Sook had only gone to call the housekeeper, and in a few minutes that worthy woman was hurrying along the street with a woe-begone little Chinese girl clinging to one of her hands. The housekeeper was prim and old and gray—but then, there are many strange sights in the Chinese quarter.

* * * * *

Miss Cameron, the pretty young missionary with the Scotch burr in her tongue, had just lighted the lamps in the big sitting-room and she answered the bell herself,

unlocking the massive door and pushing back the heavy bolts of this house that is ever in a state of siege. There stood the housekeeper and the runaway—each dumb to the other.

"Fay Sook says this child is looking for the mission," said the housekeeper.

"A runaway slave?" inquired the missionary. "Come in, dear."

The interpreter came and with rattling syllables which exploded like fire-crackers, she said:

"Where are you from?"

"From my mistress."

"What is her name?"

"I do not know—only mistress."

"Stupid! You must know."

"No, no—only mistress." Dong Ho was crying again. Evidently they scolded even here in the big clean red house.

"Will you give me the bundle?"

"No, no. I must keep it until I reach the school on the hill."

"But this is the school and one has everything here. Come, the bundle. Don't tremble so—there is nothing to be afraid of. We don't beat people here."

Miss Cameron, not understanding, reached kindly for the bundle, but with a cry Dong Ho clasped it more closely to her. She hovered near the table with the big, cheerful lamp, unmindful of her tear-disfigured face—a little dirty, ragged, forlorn figure—while Miss Cameron untied the bundle and spread out a cracked rice-bowl, a pair of wooden chop-sticks worn to splinters, a broken wooden comb, two battered Chinese toys—souvenirs of the childhood that had never been—and a couple of soiled garments—the entire earthly possessions of Dong Ho.

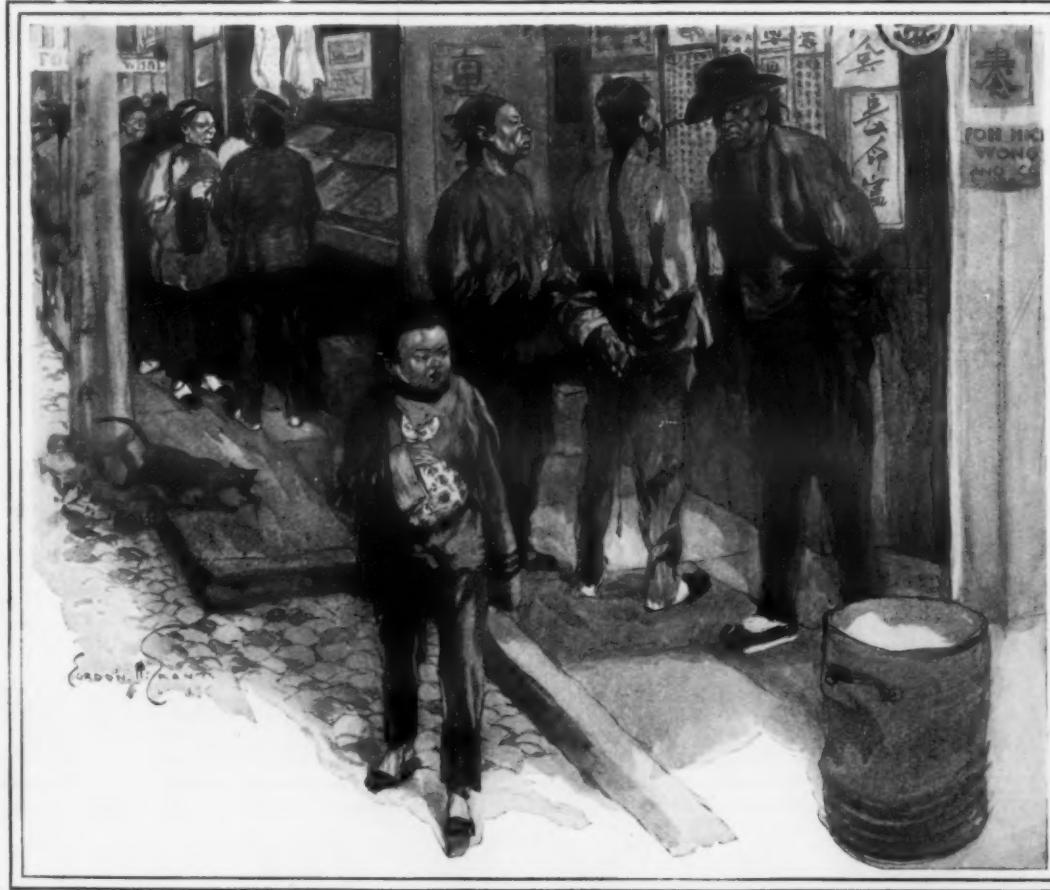
Dong Ho went down to supper—a supper of Chinese stew and white rice flakes, with chopsticks that were not worn, and a nice rice-bowl without a flaw—yet still her unoccupied hand sought her treasures, and when at last she fell asleep in the first bed she had ever slept in, her bundle was beneath her pillow.

The next day the newest comer was tenderly questioned by the missionary. She showed the marks on her arms, black and blue now, and the scar on her head, and she told the story of her "sister" who had saved her and who wanted to come to the school, too. But when she was questioned about the street on which she had lived she did not know, nor could she even give her sister's name.

For Dong Ho was only a common serf-girl, a bargain even in China, where she had cost but ten dollars, and she told her experience of household drudgery and commonplace cruelty quite simply. It had been her duty to wait upon her little-foot mistress, to cook, to wash, to sweep, to buy the food in the market, and, above all, to look after the three children of the household all the day long. The babies, though good-natured, very soon understood that this older child was their beast of burden and treated her accordingly. Wherever she went she was obliged to carry the youngest of them strapped to her back in a big silk handkerchief. The next younger she carried in her arms, and the third struggled along in his ungainly apron and stiff trousers, clinging to her garments or to her hair. The child on her back was a lusty imp, and when Dong Ho did not go fast enough he kicked her in the ribs with his stout little shoes or pulled her hair cruelly, until she cried out.

Even with her tormentors in bed, Dong Ho was not free to rest her bones, which ached to the marrow with weariness. At twelve o'clock came the midnight supper, served in every Chinese household, and at eleven Dong Ho must again drag her aching limbs down and up the interminable stairs with materials for this last meal. And then, at last, when the household sank in slumber, the little maid was permitted to fold herself away on a wooden box which stood in the store-room, and, with an old sack for a pillow and no coverlet at all, she passed the hours of the morning in dreamless torpor. Very early, the old woman roused her with a parrot-like, querulous cry, and she must hasten to heat the water and carry it to her little-foot mistress. If the water were too hot the mistress flung it, basin and all, at Dong Ho, and if it were too cold, then it came just the same into her little sleepy face, until sometimes it seemed to the child that it did not matter whether she heated the water or not, for however hard she tried, it was sure to be wrong.

This went on for two



"AN EVIL-LOOKING CHINESE WAS REGARDING HER UNPLEASANTLY."

years, and it was inconceivable how the stunted little body contrived to bear up under its load of labor and sorrow. Nothing of Dong Ho grew except her hands, for the child was not an inch taller at twelve than she had been two years before, when she was belched forth from the big ship.

There came another baby into the household, and Dong Ho would certainly have laid down the fearful burden of her life, and had, indeed, often fingered meditatively her bowl of the deadly *pau fau*—that slippery, shiny stuff with which Chinese girls bandole their hair against the breezes—when something happened to break the monotony of her life and to make existence tolerable once more.

The change was the coming of another slave girl into the crowded rooms. It was the Chinese New Year, when all Orientals, no matter how poor, pay their debts, and the master had been obliged to take little girl in payment of a debt contracted by her mother. Beside his open and legitimate business, Hom Young was chief owner in a *fan tan* game, and among the most inveterate tempters of fortune was the widow of a Chinese scholar, in whose blood the gambling mania ran deep. But fortune never smiled upon her. Almost invariably she lost, and the new year found her so hopelessly involved that there was but one thing to do—sell her most valuable asset, her daughter, Suey Leen, to the owner of the *fan tan* game. And so the human pawn passed into the possession of a new master and Dong Ho had a partner in suffering.

The two children were utterly different in type, in temperament, in all that goes to make up individuality. Dong Ho's memories were very limited; her opportunities had been nothing, and she knew, dimly, that some time she would be sold into a still more degraded slavery. Added to this, she had lately acquired a trick of extreme clumsiness. So many times had the pan of dirty water been flung at her; so much had she been kicked and cuffed and maltreated that her head was in a state of constant bewilderment and her muscles refused to obey so weak and unstable a central government.

Suey Leen was quite the opposite. She had a round, pudding face, and even life at Hom Young's did not make her thin. She was quick, alert, adaptable, and so cheerful and sunshiny that even her owners liked her and thought with satisfaction of the good round price that she would some day bring. Suey Leen's father had been a scholar, and heredity is a wonderful thing. The girl had been born with a brain susceptible to cultivation, and every seed that fell lodged in her head and grew into a seemly plant. She had dreams and ambitions, too, but of course no one suspected so absurd a thing in a Chinese slave girl. And most of all her heart went out to poor, sodden, down-trodden Dong Ho.

Dong Ho's case became more desperate every day until it climaxed on the first New Year after the coming of Suey Leen, when Dong Ho dropped and broke all the stalks of the New Year lilies, compared to which the breaking of a looking-glass would be a paltry affair. To have the lily stalks broken meant failure in business, sickness, loss of mind, and sudden death, and the mistress tired her arms and back beating Dong Ho, until the child fainted from pain and fright and was dumped in a heap on the hard box in the store-room. Suey Leen stood quietly by, making not the slightest outcry, but with great resolutions crystallizing behind her slanting eyes.

As soon as the household was quiet and Suey Leen could speak to Dong Ho without attracting attention, she whispered, "Don't cry, Dong Ho; you shall not be sold to the wicked man, sister. I have heard from Yon Yet, who lives down stairs, that there is a house on the hill where they have a school for girls like you and me. We shall go there, Dong Ho."

The almond eyes of Dong Ho grew as round as nature would permit them. She had never heard of the mission school and she wondered that the sharp ears of Suey Leen had overheard some chance remark of the house-to-house visitor on the landing below, for the mistress would never permit a Bible reader to pollute the air of her dwelling. Dong Ho trembled in the dark—she was so afraid the household joss would hear the impious words of Suey Leen and rain down fire upon them. A few days they must wait, said the little Moses, until the New Year was over, the lanterns out, the crowds gone from the quarter, and Chinatown sleeping off the effect of its annual feast and house-cleaning.

At first Suey Leen planned to go too, but the more she pondered the more she felt the impossibility of escaping with Dong Ho. If they tried to go together, Dong Ho, through her stupidity, would endanger the entire plan and cause them both to be captured and thenceforth to be watched so closely that they would never have the opportunity to run away again. So Suey Leen surrendered the sweet thought of freedom with a pang and bent all her energies toward accomplishing the release of Dong Ho.

It was a Sunday morning in March when the parting came, and it was yet as dark as night. Since midnight, Suey Leen had been awake, while Dong Ho slumbered heavily at her side, unaware that a great crisis in her life was approaching. About four o'clock Dong Ho was awakened by a voice in her ear and dimly she heard the words of Suey Leen, ordering her to get up and dress, for the hour was come. Bewildered, stupefied, Dong Ho

arose, slipped on her stockings and her soft-soled shoes, fastened with cold and trembling fingers the small brass knobs and cord loops of her blouse, and made a little bundle of her tiny belongings, for she was going she knew not where, and she did not know whether or not they had such things as rice-bowls and chop-sticks at the house on the hill.

In the room where the little slaves slept was a sky-light far above their heads and in another part of the house was an old and rickety bamboo ladder, such as every Chinese house possesses, to use for flight over the roofs, in case of the service of disagreeable American papers by disagreeable Americans in blue coats, or in times of highbinder carnage. It was Suey Leen's part to creep in her stocking feet through the room where Hom Young and his wife were sleeping, and to carry the ladder back to the store-room. Tremblingly, stealthily, she accomplished her difficult feat, then held the ladder while Dong Ho climbed. Suey Leen's heart was in her mouth, for if Dong Ho stumbled or fell or made any noise at this critical juncture, not one serving maid but two would be sold into worse slavery. But for this once Dong Ho was nimble and sure-footed. Her shoes she carried in one hand, her bundle in the other, and her feet clung to the

fugitive have made her way from Suey Leen's side without that alert handmaiden's knowledge? Again and again Suey Leen found the ladder in her room and she knew that sly eyes watched from behind the partition to see if she would seek to take advantage of it. But though beatings were frequent and hard for the proud to bear and twice the drudgery of the old days fell to her share, Suey Leen never regretted that she had remained as a vicarious atonement for Dong Ho. It was seldom now that they permitted Suey Leen to go into the streets to buy the provisions for the family dinner. Plainly they did not trust her, and most of the time she was cooped up in the stifling room, waiting on her crippled mistress or amusing the restless babies.

But Suey Leen possessed the divine patience of her race. She knew how to wait. Spring grew into summer, and summer into fall, and Suey Leen was a model of contented industry. One day the watchfulness of the mistress relaxed and the child was sent out to purchase dried duck's feet. How her pounded-silver anklets clinked against her shoes; how musical was the sound they made! Hatless, bundleless, coatless, Suey Leen sped up the steep streets and in a half-hour had inquired the way and was pulling frantically at the basement bell of a brick building from which came sounds of shouting, metallic, childish Chinese voices:

"Yes, Jesus lubba me,
Yes, Jesus lubba me,
Yes, Jesus lubba me,
De Bibul tell me so."

It chanced to be Thanksgiving Day and the little Celestials were celebrating, they knew not how or why, dressed in their brightest, which was their best, and wearing bracelets and anklets, while they sang hymns to admiring Occidental auditors.

They let in the new child and jubilated over her, for there is more joy in the mission over one girl who comes of her own free will than over the ninety and nine who are captured by force or guile, for the voluntary recruit shows that all the seed does not fall in barren soil.

"What's your name?" asked the interpreter.
"Suey Leen," said the child, promptly.
"Where are you from?"
"The house of Hom Young."
"Do you wish to stay?"
"Forever, yes, if you will take me."

Dinner was over, but Suey Leen ate ravenously of the festival fragments and smiled her gratitude.

"She must be tired after the excitement," said Miss Cameron. "Best take her up stairs at once. There's a vacant bed in the west room."

So Suey Leen went pattering and tinkling up the oak stairs, her bangles making soft, heathen music as she minced along behind the quiet and demure interpreter, who went ahead, candle in hand, like some young, slant-eyed Saint Cecilia. The next moment a wild shriek resounded through the peaceful house.

Miss Cameron dropped the baby she was undressing and ran for the stairs, visions of fire and highbinders chasing each other through her head. A patter of Orientally-shod feet led the way to the dormitory, where Dong Ho and the latest comer were clasped in each other's arms. Such a flood of questioning and cross-questioning, such babble of reminiscence, of experience, of confidence, of gratitude, of soft tears and softer laughter—the interpreter, little autoocrat that she was, could not get in a question edgewise—but through it all sounded "Ga Che, Ga Che," my sister, my sister.

It was certainly a half-hour before the mission knew for a certainty that this latest arrival was Dong Ho's "sister" and saviour, for whose coming her dumb and patient heart had so longed.

At last, in the briefest of silences, Dong Ho said:

"Miss Camelon, this is my sister who helped me away over the roofs. I'd have died long befo' this, Miss Camelon."

The ladies of the board were the guests of the home that evening. The room was pungent with burning punk-sticks, but the nuts and the roasting apples before the fire spoke of New England.

"I love these Down-East celebrations," said the clergyman with the Bangor twang. "They remind me of the Thanksgivings at home when we talked of the first Thanksgiving, of the scanty harvest and the full graveyards, and the Puritan fathers with their hearts full of thankfulness for what we should scarcely deem mercies."

"Yes," said the missionary, musingly, "but the real Thanksgiving is up stairs."

Instability of French Ministries.

IN ONE respect at least French ministries bear a close resemblance to the governments of South America, and that is in their changeableness. M. Waldeck-Rousseau held office barely three years, but his ministry holds the record for length of service. "From the top of the Republican pyramid forty ministries look down upon you," was the phrase which M. Blowitz addressed to M. Combes when he formed his government several months ago; and it was a true as well as a striking phrase. The French ministry is the forty-first since 1870—forty-one ministries in thirty-two years. One of them lasted eighteen days. This is carrying the principle of rotation in office to extremes.



smooth bamboo rounds as the feet of her ancestors may once have clung to the gnarled limbs of trees.

The quiet days in the mission lengthened into weeks and months and the owner of Dong Ho made no effort to trace her. The mission house is uncommunicative as the tomb, and Hom Young knew very well that a hue and cry might lose him the more valuable Suey Leen. And besides, there were plenty more girls to be had for ten dollars in China. Slowly, very slowly, the child learned to read English and Chinese, learned to do housework American fashion, learned to take care of the charming tea-rose babies that are now and again born into the mission, to sing American hymns, and to go back a little way into the realm of her lost childhood. But whenever duties did not call and there were no lessons to be learned, you might always see Dong Ho with her nose pressed against the bars which guard the mission windows, looking for the sister who never came.

To tell the truth, things were not well with Suey Leen. The Hom Youngs suspected that she had been the means of Dong Ho's escape, for how, they argued, could the



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Edith Leslie Lang
1902

WOMEN WISHING TO ADOPT INFANTS INSPECT INFANTS

FINDING HOMES FOR A GREAT
THE CARE, BY CHARITABLE SOCIETIES, OF THE LITTLE CHARGES OF NEW YORK WHICH

E'S WEEKLY



INSPECT FOUNDLINGS AT ASYLUM.—*Drawn by Edith Leslie Lang.*

R A GREAT CITY'S FOUNDLINGS.

NEW YORK WHOSE PARENTS ARE NEVER KNOWN.—*Photographs by our staff photographer, G. B. Luckey.*



A FOUNDLING IN ITS SECOND HOME RECEIVES THE CARE OF A WHOLESOME WOMAN.



THE FOUNDLING INFANT IS THE CENTRE OF INTEREST IN AN ITALIAN HOUSEHOLD.



A TYPICAL COUNTRY HOME WHERE THE FOUNDLING IS ADOPTED AT LAST.



SHAW,
Guard of Columbia University football team.
Earle.

FRED DUDEN,
Centre of Columbia's eleven.
Earle.

THORPE,
Tackle of Columbia's football team.
Earle.

DICK SMITH,
Half-back in Columbia team.
Earle.

DR. SAULIER,
End of Columbia University eleven.
Earle.

HAROLD TOWNSEND,
Half-back in Columbia team.
Earle.

BOWMAN,
Of Yale, full-back in the 'varsity football team.
Sedgwick.

In the World of Sports

TRUE SPORTSMEN ARE NOT BUTCHERS—FOOTBALL NOT ALWAYS BRUTAL—CHANGES IN GOLF MANAGEMENT.

SPORTSMEN? Not THEY.—President Theodore Roosevelt and ex-President Grover Cleveland are sportsmen in the field and in civilian clothes. Both enjoy nothing better than a chase after dogs in the fields and woods or to be seated in a blind trying to outwit the cunning wild fowl. But neither has ever been accused of the wilful slaughter of game merely for the pleasure of killing. Each has done his share in furnishing to the comic caricaturist opportunities for his pencil on hunting subjects, but neither has ever boasted of a feat recently performed by the Prince of Wales in England, one of which the future monarch seems to be proud. The prince was one of a party of hunters who enjoyed a few days' shooting at Netherby, England. Three thousand five hundred ducks were killed in three days, and the prince swelled with pride when, on the third day, he himself killed ninety-six birds in sixty minutes. While this is a record bag for wild ducks in England, many a real sportsman will shudder at such a performance. There are pot-hunters in this country who would feel pride in such performances, but no true sportsman. Now that the sportsmen are taking to the woods and fields with the first heavy frosts, a story that actually happened in Tennessee, told for the first time, might be interesting here. There were four in the party, three from the North, more shame to them. Three were men who bet, and each day before starting out a heavy wager was made as to the number of kills each would make that day. Quail were plentiful, and as all were good shots the bag each day was large and difficult to carry. The wagers increased in size, and of course the birds became more troublesome to carry. Finally each man decided to simply wring the head from each bird as it was brought in by the dogs, the body of the quail being tossed aside. When the day's slaughter was over the heads were easily counted, and of course they did not weigh much. Yet at least two of those men would feel affronted if told that they were not sportsmen. They were anything but that—mere butchers and blackguards. The county jail is the place for men of this sort. I would like to have their pictures and print and label them so that they could be kept away from all shooting grounds in the country.

IS FOOTBALL BRUTAL?—If that robust game of football happened to be half as brutal as the enemies of the game would have the remainder of the world believe, the hospitals and cemeteries would be full at the beginning of each winter. It is an active, strenuous game, and there is no place for weaklings in the line or back field; and while there is no doubt that the game can be vastly improved and made more spectacular and interesting for the spectators, it is equally true that the sport has as great a following this year as it ever had. Football, as played by the university teams, holds its own, and there must be something to it or this would not be the case. There have been games this year in which slugging has been too conspicuous, and there have also been games in which straight scientific football has been played from start to finish. In their effort to get strength and beef at almost any cost, some of the captains and coaches have placed men on a university team of any sort, but such cases are the exception rather than the rule. There have been few scandals connected with the game this fall, and the season as a whole will wind up, with the annual battle between the navy and army at Philadelphia, in good order. If some of the association tactics could be introduced into the college game they would improve the sport in the most healthful sort of way, but it seems doubtful if the American universities will ever borrow anything from their English cousins in the football line. So when a man or woman asks you if football is really brutal you can answer only that it depends almost entirely on just how the game is played. Some games are as demoralizing and hurtful as prize-fights, and others are not. There have been men who deliberately tried to maim and injure seriously the players opposite them, but such cases are fortunately rare.

MIDWINTER RACING ON A LARGE SCALE.—It is only within the last year or two that the wealthy men of the running turf gave much attention to racing after the closing down of the regular season in the East. The winter tracks in the middle West and California, and at New Orleans and Charleston attracted generally owners of average financial standing and an ordinary class of horses. Times have changed, as the recent meetings at Aqueduct, near New York, and at Washington show. The millionaires are just as anxious to fill their racing coffers as are the little fellows who are compelled to look so carefully after their feed bills and racing expenses. The result will be that a better class of horses will be seen at the winter tracks this year, and for the sake of the sport cleaner racing ought to result. It is beginning to look as if the turf would be the better off if paid stewards were placed in the judges' stand and absolute power to look into suspicious jockey rides and performances on the track given to them. More money has been wagered on the turf this year than ever, or than was ever bet at the tracks in England or France, and it looks as if the bettors were entitled to some protection from the wolves and "shysters" of the turf. They did not receive it this year.

WILL TROTTERS REACH THE TWO-MINUTE MARK?—The prediction was made pretty generally early in the year that the trotters and pacers would break all records during the season. Yet comparatively few records of account have been made during the season of 1902. Some of the drivers are of the opinion that the great trotters and pacers have been campaigned too persistently during the season, and in consequence their speed and endurance have been diminished. Such rich prizes and so much bonus money are offered for their appearance that the animals are overworked and when called upon for some special effort cannot do their best. Crescens, the greatest trotter of them all, is certainly not as fast at present as he was at this time last year. His owner, George H. Ketcham, is particularly anxious to have his favorite travel the mile in two minutes, but it is doubtful now whether he will ever do it. Among the pacers Dan Patch performed nobly, yet Star Pointer has not been dethroned as yet.

INDOOR SPORTS TO BOOM.—Every indication points to the fact that the coming winter will be one of the most interesting in many seasons. In all of the large cities preparations are being made for athletic games, hockey matches, billiard and pool tournaments, and social functions in which the sporting world will take a lively interest. A positive boom is promised in billiards in spite of the fact that some of the best professionals are abroad at present. Ping-pong has not awakened as yet from its midsummer slumber, but it will probably do so when the indoor season opens up in real earnest. Hockey is bound to be popular, and in towns where no rinks are to be had the game is sure to be played pretty regularly whenever ice on the lakes and ponds will permit.

CHANGE IN GOLF MANAGEMENT DEMANDED.—For some time golfing enthusiasts, especially in the West, where the game has kept pace with its advancement in the East, have been dissatisfied with the methods used by the officials of the United States Golf Association. While changes will not take effect until the annual meeting in February, they are pretty certain to be made. At present the management of the association is confined to a handful of clubs in the East. The associate members believe that they should have a voice in the management of the association, and they will probably get it next season. Singularly enough, there are one hundred and eighty club members of the association, each of whom pays annual dues, yet has no vote. Under the proposed new conditions the game will be conducted on broader lines and dissatisfaction will not be so rampant.

GEORGE E. STACKHOUSE.

Sporting Queries Answered.

B. J. O., TRENTON.—The shooting season for quail and rabbits in New Jersey begins on November 15th. On Long Island and in Connecticut the shooting season opens November 1st. Deer can be shot on Long Island on the first and second Wednesdays and Fridays in November, and at no other time.

J. M. C., CHICAGO.—A bicycle rider ceases to be a novice as soon as he wins a prize in an open competition. It does not matter whether he finishes first, second or third. It is a strict rule, but necessary to prevent riders from winning second and third prizes and not trying for firsts.

F. A. H., CHICAGO.—Many players have signed with two clubs and received advance money from each. The team they desert generally gets back the money advanced and the case is seldom taken into the courts. Baseball law and the law of the land never did get along together.

J. H. M., MEMPHIS.—Almost any sort of leather armor is permitted in football. In baseball only the catcher and first baseman are permitted to wear the big gloves. The practice of a pitcher wearing a glove on his "easy" hand came into vogue about five years ago.

H. B. F., WORCESTER.—It is always best to use a guide when shooting in a district where you are not known. They know the places which are posted and will save their hire and you much trouble.

M. A. C., LOUISVILLE.—There is no weight limit in a bicycle race. You can ride a wheel as light as safety will permit. Winning a first, second, or third prize debars you from future competition in novice races.

W. H. T., CHICAGO.—According to George Davis himself, he has not signed any baseball contract for next year. He will probably play with the New York team of the National League.

L. A. M., ST. LOUIS.—Two national automobile shows will be held during the winter, one in Chicago and the other in New York. Other shows will be merely of a local character.

G. E. S.

Fishing for Trout in a Sewer.

QUITE A common sight in the streets of Winchester, England, is presented in the accompanying picture. A resident, of the lower classes, stands at the curb, fishing for trout, which abound in the various small streams that traverse the city, flowing in part on the surface, partly under bridges, and reappearing again, later on, in the open. Along the course of these streams gratings are frequently seen, through which rain water passes and is carried off by the streams. Here the angler stations himself and his patience is usually rewarded with a very substantial catch.

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A CURIOUS SIGHT IN AN ENGLISH VILLAGE—FISHING FOR TROUT IN A SEWER AT WINCHESTER.

November 27, 1902

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

519



A FEW OF THE WELL-KNOWN GRADUATES OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ART.

Getting on the Stage

By Eleanor Franklin

Campbell Gollan, of Mrs. Carter's company. *Savory.*Robert Taber, now a leading actor in London.—*Falk.*

"I'M GOING on the stage" is a simple enough statement to make. It springs easily to the lips of such host of boys and girls who are so unfortunate as to be endowed with an over supply of what we, for want of a better name, call "temperament." The word unfortunate is used, if you please, in connection with the temperament and not the stage. The possession of that feverish characteristic cannot but seem unfortunate to one who chooses to limp along by the side of the procession and meditate upon the struggles and stumblings it is responsible for in the lives of others.

Now it is easy enough to make up one's mind to "be an actor," but once this important preliminary is passed one finds one's self face to face with a gigantic "How?"

In the preparation for any other business but the theatrical there are straight and well-beaten paths to follow. A boy makes up his mind to become a doctor. Immediately his whole course of action is mapped out in front of him. He sees ahead of him a long course of preparatory training for medical college, then four years of medicine before he is ready even for the months he must spend in hospital practice before he can open an office and begin his life's real work. The same rule of certainty and precision applies to any of the other great professions, and to the preparation, in fact, for most any kind of a career but the actor's. When a young man says "I'm going to be an actor" he can't know for a certainty whether he is or not, because there is not a single signboard upon youth's highway to point the way to success in this most fascinating and oftentimes most lucrative profession.

There are very few young men and women who "go on the stage" who do not religiously believe that opportunity is all they need to place them where by virtue of nature's beneficence they belong, beside those whose names adorn our bill-boards and light our streets by glaring down upon us from great electric signs. Oh, it will take time, of course. No one ever became great in a day. People are said to have achieved fame in a single night, but never without years of patient waiting for opportunity. Never without years of work and tireless ambition, too often embittered by hardships and priva-

tions. How aspiring youth does love those words, "hardship and privation." One may never have to suffer either, but somehow one is always sentimentally anticipating that distinction and squaring one's chest to meet them bravely when they come.

If we could only "peek" into the back of the book of life and see how it is going to turn out! But alas! every page is written in a different language and we must learn each as we go, poor children! Where is there an ambitious but impeccuous actor who does not know that E. H. Sothern was once on the very bottom rung of the ladder, that "he has been seen sitting in a dejected attitude on a bench in Union Square with fringe on the bottom of his trousers." I quote this because that is the way an actor told it to me, and so they tell it to each other for self-comfort while they go on dreaming of the time when they too will be the "admired of all," when their talent shall have gained the recognition it deserves. Richard Mansfield's early struggles against adversity is another pet subject for discussion in the lower stratum of theatrical society, while to hear a fluffy-haired, light-hearted soubrette moan over the story of Clara Morris's tragic little beginning is enough to make a heart of adamant swell with a sense of grim humor.

Let an actor be discharged from a company for "incompetency" (a humiliating word used by some managers as an excuse for discharging an actor on any occasion), and he will tell you proudly that the same thing occurred to Joseph Jefferson and to Edwin Booth, and will look with pity upon the manager who, through ignorance and short-sightedness, falls into such an error in his own case. This is gigantic egotism. Yes, a fault most actors are accused of possessing, but a fault, dear judge, which makes the bitter battle against fierce longing and disappointment possible. That limelight glare is so alluring, you know, and it isn't a light which burns and kills either. Once let a ray of it fall upon one, and who would regret the struggle in the outer dark. But such difficulties as I have touched upon are those which beset the actor after he has passed through "the eye of the needle" and become a full-fledged professional. The "eye of the needle" is not too narrow a simile for the manager's office as it opens to receive a beginner.

"What have you done?" is the first curt question which a manager asks of an applicant for an engagement, and, poor overworked play manager, he hasn't much time to listen to youthful aspirations. If he is kind he may say, "Go on out and make a beginning; see what you can do, then come back to me," but more often he will say "No place for you" in a way to weaken the stoutest heart. I tell you a "beginner" is not wanted anywhere in this busy world unless it is in papa's office or papa's store. If you are going against the world unaided in any capacity you must never be a beginner. Pretty soon it will cease to be necessary to "bluff," and then you can make it all right with your conscience.

Now there is a noted school in New York where a young man or woman may go and for a fair sum be directed through a course of dramatic art, and at the same time be given a full and satisfactory view of the situation which confronts the young aspirant for theatrical honors. Old actors have a deal of fun at the expense of these schools, and boast proudly of the fact that they got their training in the school of experience, but they forget that to-day it would be almost impossible for an actor to get the same course of training. The "palmy days" of the old stock company are gone—gone with the youth and hopes of the men and women who made them "palmy" and who now flout the new idea of dramatic training which seems to have followed naturally in the order of progression. I grant a two years' course at the American Academy of Dramatic Art at Carnegie Hall might prove wearing upon a restless spirit. Is there an ambitious, self-confident, temperamental boy or girl on earth who

wouldn't say "What's the use" to all the physical culture, grace exercises, "life studies," and lessons in how to light a lamp, close a window, or hand a lady a chair where there are no lamps or windows or chairs; but many a youth goes through it all with the hope ever present in his mind that it will lead to an opening into the "profession"; and, to do managers justice, this hope most always meets its reward, for it cannot be denied that two years' training in a well-managed dramatic academy, as the course is mapped out, is far better for the young actor than the same length of time in any company where he must necessarily meet most unpleasant experiences as a despised "beginner."

The American Academy of Dramatic Art gives, every once in a while, a students' matinée in one of the best of the New York theatres; and if a pupil happens to display marked ability in any "line of business" that pupil is liable to find an easy introduction to a manager who will intrust to him or her a not unimportant part at a good salary, and so by one happy chance he or she becomes a "professional" of enviable standing. This word "professional" I always quote when used in this connection, because it has a distinct and individual meaning from a "professional" standpoint. I saw this amusingly illustrated not long ago. Two men were introduced in a restaurant. They shook hands across the table and as they sat down, one of them, unmistakably an actor, said: "Are you a professional, Mr. Smith?"

Mr. Smith looked puzzled for an instant, then said, modestly, "I'm a lawyer."

"Oh, indeed!" said the other, spectacularly adjusting his napkin. "You look like a professional."

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THE PROLOGUE, "THE GOLDEN BOOK," AS RENDERED BY THE STUDENTS AT A RECENT MATINEE.—*Byron.*

SCENE FROM BEN JONSON'S "THE SILENT WOMEN," AS PLAYED BY THE STUDENTS IN ELIZABETHAN FASHION A FEW YEARS AGO.

THE "SUGAR-PLUM" SCENE FROM "A YOUNG SCAPEGRACE," AS PERFORMED BY THE SCHOOL.—*Byron.*THE CLOSE OF "MARGARET HARSTEIN," A NEW PLAY RECENTLY PRESENTED AT A MATINEE.—*Byron.*

Recent Astonishing Gold Development in Oregon

By Ernest C. Rowe

IN A territory as vast as the United States each particular section designated by the name of a State or group of States becomes associated inseparably in the mind with some natural product. When the name of California is mentioned the thought at once is of gold; Texas means cattle; Minnesota means wheat. Mississippi or Alabama suggests cotton. Oregon and Washington make one think of lumber. But these impressions, although they are fixed pretty firmly in the minds of most of us, may be misleading. And this is particularly so in the case of Oregon, for lumber is only one of its resources, and not the least of these is the production of gold. This is a unique condition, for here is a tremendous industry that has been moving forward quietly through many years, attracting only now and then the attention of the public, yet constantly growing in importance. There is a single vein of gold in southeastern Oregon fifteen miles long which has produced more of the yellow metal than any zone of its length in the world. This is called the Cracker district, and it alone entitled Oregon to a high place among the gold States.

If it were not for the overshadowing reputation of California, Oregon would perhaps be known as the gold State of the Union. If the "Forty-niners" had gone not to California but to Oregon first, and had opened there their first camps and had made among the rich veins of Oregon's mountains the large fortunes which have since been made there, then the stories and romances of the gold craze would have arisen from Oregon. Had Bret Harte and the others who have painted the picturesqueness of the early mining days of California taken their inspiration from the gold fields farther north, the impression which is now in the public mind might have been different. The Mackays, the Floods and the Fairs, who made millions in California, are known all over the world. The men who acquired their wealth in the gold fields of Oregon retired to enjoy their fortunes in privacy, building splendid homes, traveling about the world wherever they wished, giving of their surplus to help those who were less fortunate. But all this they did quietly and without ostentation. They are the unknown mining kings of the West, but kings nevertheless. And all the while the world was reading of the bonanza miners and their fabulous wealth.

The situation finds a parallel in other branches of American industry. There are those whose names are in every one's mouth, about whom something appears in every issue of the daily papers. Sometimes these men seek the notoriety which comes to them, while ostensibly they endeavor to avoid it. Sometimes they become conspicuous by accident, and, having once become so, they continue to be followed and watched and talked and written about. Some of them are presidents of great corporations, and of them it is told that they rose from the bottom by their own struggles. They are called "captains of industry," and they are feted and dined by Kings and Emperors. At the same time the papers and the people know nothing of the "unknown captains of industry," the other men who have by their own efforts organized and carried to success great industrial institutions, and men who sometimes have actually performed a vast part of the work for which some of the noted ones have received the glory.

So it has been with Oregon. Recently, however, business enterprise has begun to appreciate the resources of this Northwestern State, resources which have not been developed because stories of them were not on the lips of every one. Although Oregon has been known for its lumber and grazing and agriculture, the State is in reality largely mountainous. The Cascade Range and Blue Mountains divide it into three principal sections, and these mountain ranges are rich in mineral. Gold, silver, lead, copper, iron, and coal are found in them, and the most profitable of these is gold.

The earliest miners in Oregon, like those in California, were placer miners, who worked individually or with a partner, panning out the gold by hand in the Oregon streams. The first miners who sunk shafts only followed the richest veins of ore, paying no heed to vast quantities of medium grade ore in which the richer veins occurred. A conspicuous example of this method was a mine that was located in the rich Cracker Creek district and near the great North Pole mine in Baker County, in the extreme southeastern part of Oregon. In working the mine a single vein of ore that was almost pure was found. The miners followed its glittering course feverishly, paying no heed to the immense bodies of low-grade ore that in the aggregate were much more valuable than the small veins of purer metal. The mine was called the Golconda, from the diamond fields of India, and also because from its very sound the word seemed to mean gold. In this mining district, as in others of the State, the next step was consolidation and the introduction of large milling plants to obtain from the immense bodies of low-grade ore the wealth that had been overlooked by the earlier miners, who followed only the glittering lenses of gold. The consolidated company did not base its expectations for profit on the discovery of any more such extraordinary ore bodies. Its engineers made their calculations solely on the low-grade deposits in sight, which were to be milled and refined and prepared for market.

They were surprised during their work last summer to

discover what seemed to be a continuation of the same vein that had made Golconda famous at first. The second discovery made as great a stir as the original one. It has been observed in other parts of this country, and in Mexico as well, that those who first developed mines often worked superficially, overlooking the profit that was possible, and abandoning their properties before the greatest wealth was reached. Miners were often forced to stop work on claims that promised well because their capital was exhausted and they could get no more.

These mistakes of the first miners are overcome now by the combinations of capital (in this as in other lines of industry) and by the invention of new machinery and the building of railroads and tramways. Fortunes have been made during late years from "tailings" and culm heaps of the earlier mines. This "waste rock" was formerly thought to be entirely without value, and was gotten out of the way in every manner possible. About the shafts of the larger mines there were hills of it. In one Western town the streets were paved with the "tailings" of old mines, and the paving was not unlike macadam. Then an engineer discovered that this pavement was rich in gold and if melted and refined by the new methods would yield many dollars to the ton and be extremely profitable. So here was an actual city whose streets were paved with gold!

Oregon is more blessed with the conditions of soil and climate that make living agreeable than many of the mineral States of the country. Its streams are useful, too, in furnishing power for the machinery of its mines. And in this connection the statement of Dr. Alfred R. C. Selwyn, late director-general of the Geological Survey of Canada, is interesting. Dr. Selwyn said:

"I find in eastern Oregon one of the most hopeful and interesting mineral sections of the globe. The formation, contour, climate, accessibility, timber, and water form a combination which tends to reduce cost of extracting gold to the minimum. And in addition I find the ores are less refractory and contain a larger amount of free gold, generally speaking; besides, they are softer and less expensive to treat."

In the present age of alert and enterprising men a condition like this, inviting investment and profit, does not long remain unaccepted. So there is an interest in the gold fields of Oregon amounting almost to the excitement of some of the earlier mining camps, but steadied by men who do not spend their money wildly, but wait to see the article before they make a purchase.

This great interest centres in the Cracker Creek district surrounding the town of Sumpter, in Baker County. Besides the Golconda there are other rich mines in this same valley, so that the prospects are that it will become one of the rich mining camps of the world.

And the publicity which follows will give to Oregon a new name among the States. As in other famous mining districts of the country, the wealth of the Cracker district of Oregon depends on a lode of rich ore extending unbroken, as can be seen by its outcroppings, a length of fifteen miles. It is like the Mother lode of California and the famous Comstock lode of Nevada. The renewed attention to the gold in Oregon has already started a cavalcade of miners and investors to that State, increasing the interest in all parts of the country.



HEAD OF PIPE LINE OF GOLCONDA POWER PLANT.



MILLS AND OPERATING POINTS OF THE FAMOUS GOLCONDA GOLD-MINE IN OREGON.

Jasper's Hints to Money-Makers

NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of **LESLIE'S WEEKLY**. No charge is made for answering questions and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests. Subscribers to **LESLIE'S WEEKLY** at the home office, at regular subscription rates, namely, \$4 per annum, are placed on a *preferred list*, entitling them to the early delivery of the papers, and in emergencies, to answers by mail or telegraph. Address "Jasper," **LESLIE'S WEEKLY**, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MY READERS will give me the credit of having advised them, conscientiously and conservatively, of the stirring events which have at last come to pass in Wall Street. I said that the test of the market's strength would come when money became tight, and I predicted that the stringency in the money market would last much longer than usual and possibly be prolonged into the new year. The suddenness with which the Secretary of the Treasury came to the relief of the market and the extraordinary efforts he made to assist it were deeply significant of a perilous situation. It is not surprising that, with the public announcement that he can do nothing more, comes a new sense of apprehension regarding the possibilities of the future.

The financial writers who predicted that the returning flow of funds from the West and South would speedily relieve the situation, laughed at the idea of gold exports. They are now consoling themselves with the belief that money will be easier next year and that if we ship gold it will be because we can spare it. The readiness with which writers who have been boosting the market, in the interests of those who have had stocks to sell, can turn themselves, at every point, is surprising.

The most significant recent utterance in the financial world was that of Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, one of the brainiest of our active financiers. He made bold, in his address before the Chamber of Commerce, to publicly criticize the action of the Secretary of the Treasury, in accepting municipal bonds as collateral against government bank balances. Mr. Schiff is right in saying that the Secretary has established a dangerous precedent. I pointed out the fact weeks ago, that Mr. Shaw's action was absolutely illegal. The fact that he has revoked his

order shows that he realizes the gravity of his error.

That the money market is still in a perilous situation is also shown by the agreement of several of the leading banks not to make any more time loans at less than six per cent. This means that there can be no more wild bull speculation and no more exploiting of new syndicate propositions, because the money will not be forthcoming to permit such things. The recent upset of the United States Shipbuilding Company and the failure of the Republic Trust Company to finance it, means a great deal more than most people understand. Among the directors of the Trust Company of the Republic are notable men on Wall Street, including George J. Gould, Stuyvesant Fish, and James H. Eckels, and among the underwriting syndicate for the bonds of the shipbuilding company were Charles M. Schwab, E. H. Gary, and John W. Gates. It must be hard times when such noted men find it necessary to let go of any of their projects.

I do not expect easy money and rising prices in the stock market until the liquidation is completed. Throughout the year events, as well as conditions, have favored the bears. It has been inevitable that the market must react and prices fall to a lower plane. The bubble has been pricked and some of the air has escaped, but there must be a complete collapse before the end is reached. At present there is a general lack of confidence in the situation, and it will be a long time, in my judgment, before this confidence will be restored. It was but a short time ago that many of my readers questioned my judgment regarding the outlook, but I have every reason to know that the advice I gave saved them from heavy losses.

The drop in United States Steel common justifies all that I have said about this inflated corporation; and the drop during the past few weeks all along the line, ranging from \$4 to \$40 a share, shows how quickly market conditions can be reversed, even in the face of a public proclamation of widespread prosperity. The banks realize that, with the opening of the new year, heavy disbursements must be made; business settlements completed, and operations

either curtailed or extended. They act wisely in preparing at this time to meet whatever may happen at the critical New Year's period. If I am not compelled to chronicle the failure of some of the greatly over-capitalized industrial schemes, or a breakdown of some of the heavily inflated syndicates, I shall feel it a source of congratulation.

"B." New York: Will make inquiries.

"T." Albany: Leave it alone at present.

"Clericus," Chicago: No quotations available.

"C." Wilmington, Del.: One dollar received.

You are on my preferred list for three months.

"De L." New York: The present is a bad time to exploit new inventions. I certainly do not recommend the parties you name.

"N." Bridgeport: I do not regard the stock of the International Finance and Development Company as safe as a first-class bank stock.

"S. O." New York: I have no doubt that both Union Pacific common and Canadian Pacific will sell lower before the liquidation is complete.

"S." New York: American Ice Company a year ago announced that it proposed to go into the coal business. It is doing nothing in it now, I am told.

"D. N. J." Paterson, N. J.: In such a market money is often made on sharp, quick turns, by watchful operators, who wait for signs that indicate a large short interest, on the covering of which a temporary advance always may be expected.

"L." Baton Rouge: I have not believed in United States Steel preferred as an investment but do not like to advise you to sacrifice the shares at a loss. Unless the liquidation ceases shortly however, it must decline with the rest of the market.

"Arrow," New York: One dollar received. You are on my preferred list for three months.

(1) That is the expectation. (2) No statement upon which I can rely is obtainable. (3) Some of the strongest financiers on the Street are talking very favorably of it.

"Helena," Mont.: The continuance of tight money followed by business depression would affect the iron and steel trade and seriously affect the earnings of the United States Steel Corporation. I would sell my stock whenever I could get out without too heavy a loss.

"R." Brooklyn: Strong parties advised the purchase of United States Realty common when it was selling considerably higher. A report that the underwriting syndicate had not been able to take up the stock depressed it severely. I only regard it as a speculation.

"Soup," Danielson, Conn.: The liquidation in Southern Pacific has been due largely to sales by a pool that expected to advance it to par. The road is earning dividends, but insiders only know whether dividends will be declared. If that is the intention, the stock is purchase. If not, it is not yet down to its proper level.

"C." New York: One dollar received. You are on my preferred list for three months. I have always thought that a fictitious price was placed on Louisville and Nashville by the Western speculators who exploited it, but Morgan interests acquired it at higher than market prices, and they are expected to protect it in a reasonable way.

"L." Providence, R. I.: The failure of the Central National Bank of Boston was regarded by many as significant of the precarious conditions

of some other financial institutions. Heroic efforts have been made of late to keep from the public the condition of these. Realizing these facts, I have for some weeks advised my readers to keep out of the market.

"M. A. N." Greenwood Lake: (1) The earnings of the road are large. (2) It depends upon how much it is in demand by other roads, to whom it would be of great value. (3) Yes. (4) The director would probably give you better inside advices than I can. (5) I do not advise the purchase of the Consolidated Tobacco 4s, excepting as a speculation. They are not a bond in the real sense of the term, as the preferred stocks are ahead of them. Colorado Southern 4s are not an investment security. (6) Communicate with the officers of the company. No quotations available.

"Q." Harrisburg, Penn.: (1) It looks as if the fight between the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Western Union was to be only equaled in bitterness by the fight between the Pennsylvania and the Wabash. A struggle between such great interests will not be helpful to the market. (2) There are no signs of cheaper money. The fact that San Francisco has been drawing on New York for funds again points to one of the dangers of the Wall Street situation. The Street is burdened with obligations both at home and abroad, and if demands are made for the payment of these heavy loans something must give way.

"H." Hagerstown, Md.: (1) I would not sacrifice my Long Island stock. On sharp declines, it is a purchase for a long pull. (2) I have no doubt that there have been dissensions in the management of United States Steel. The retirement of several of the directors during the past year gives evidence of this. Some of these are preparing to engage in the iron and steel trade in opposition to the trust. The recent decline in the Steel Trust shares show a shrinkage of over two hundred million dollars. This is an enormous sum, but it must be remembered that the concern has over a billion of stock and a third of a billion of bonds. It has always looked unwieldy and top-heavy.

"H." Chicago: (1) American Biscuit preferred and all the other industrial preferred shares would suffer, in the case of panic. The safest purchase would probably be an investment bond, but this would leave you only a little more than the interest paid by a savings bank. Why not put your money in bank, at interest, and hold it ready for a purchase when the market reaches a new low level? (2) The Union Pacific Convertible 4s are an excellent bond and around par ought to be a purchase. (3) The Rock Island stocks are such inflated propositions that I do not regard them with favor. I do not find you on our subscription list at full rates, and you are therefore not entitled to a place on my preferred list.

"D." Burlington, Ia.: (1) The wholesale advance in the wages of its 175,000 employees by the Pennsylvania Railroad, followed, as it has been, by similar advances by the Reading and the Baltimore and Ohio, it is understood, was intended to head off a general railroad strike, which, at this juncture, would be a death blow to the stock market. Fear is expressed that this advance will only stimulate a demand for a similar increase of wages on all the railroads throughout the country. If so, troublesome times are ahead. (2) The St. Louis and San Francisco is said to be seeking an outlet by extending its line to the Atlantic coast around Savannah. The Chicago and Great Western is pushing its line in various directions, the Northwestern and Rock Island are both said to be getting ready to build to the Pacific, and so it goes. All these things mean the employment of vast sums of money. I cannot see how it is possible to carry out such schemes while the money market is in its present condition.

Continued on page 522.



SCENE OF RUIN AT THE MANHATTAN END OF THE GREAT STRUCTURE.—Hare.

A Tug of War.

COFFEE PUTS UP A GRAND FIGHT.

AMONG the best of judges of good things in the food line, is the groceryman or his wife. They know why many of their customers purchase certain foods.

The wife of a groceryman in Carthage, New York, says:

"I have always been a lover of coffee, and therefore drank a great deal of it. About a year and a half ago, I became convinced that it was the cause of my headaches and torpid liver, and resolved to give it up, although the resolution caused me no small struggle, but Postum came to the rescue. From that time on, coffee has never found a place on our table, except for company, and then we always feel a dull headache throughout the day for having indulged."



CENTRAL SPAN, SHOWING THE FIRE-SCATHED STEEL CABLES AND THE WRECKED AND TWISTED WOODEN FOOTWAYS.—Lazardick.

NEW EAST RIVER BRIDGE FLAME SWEEP.

EFFECTS OF RECENT SPECTACULAR FIRE WHICH THREATENED TO UNDO THE WORK OF YEARS.

"When I gave up coffee and commenced the use of Postum I was an habitual sufferer from headache. I now find myself entirely free from it, and what is more, have regained my clear complexion which I had supposed was gone forever."

"I never lose an opportunity to speak in favor of Postum, and have induced many families to give it a trial, and they are invariably pleased with it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

November 27, 1902

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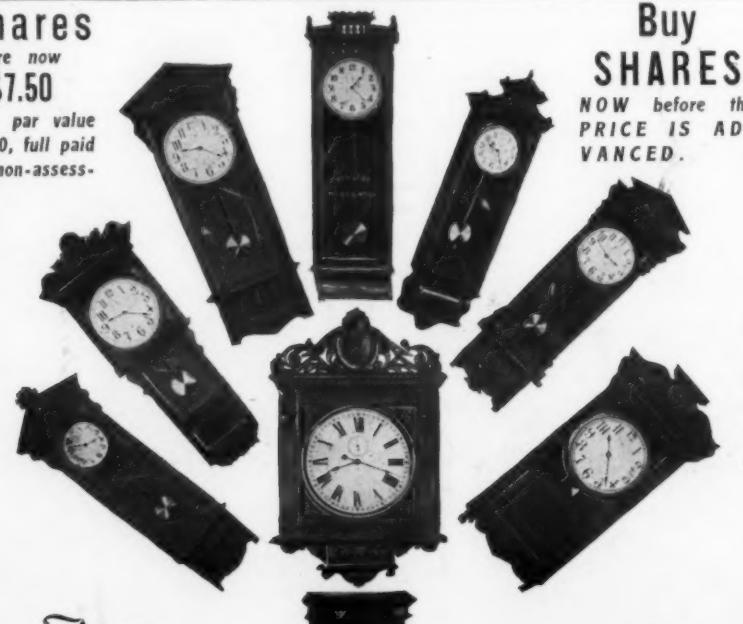
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The Company has no debts, no mortgages, no bonds, no preferred stock—all profits go to the purchasers of the stock now offered to the public.

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Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from page 521.

"M." Pittsburgh: Thank you.
"A." Allegheny City: I will make inquiry.
"G. M. M." Newport, Ky.: All highly speculative.

"B." Allentown: I would keep out of the market at present.

"B. M." Toronto: Two dollars received. You are on my preferred list for six months.

"G. W." Milwaukee: As I read the figures last submitted the statement is not entirely correct.

"C." Ottawa, Canada: The liquidation will not be over until the stringency in the money market is relieved.

"McE." Boston: Wheeling and Lake Erie is a much better property than it was a year ago, as its earnings show. The preferred issues, on a lower level, would be quite safe.

"H." Big Stone Gap, Va.: In the present temper of the Street new propositions are not looked upon with favor. A year ago something could have been done with it.

"C." Buffalo: I would not recommend any of them, unless you are looking for a pure gamble with the chances decidedly against you. The second on your list has the best outlook now.

"R." Providence, R. I.: I do not expect that you will have a profit in the next four weeks, unless the entire current of business on Wall Street suddenly changes. I would sell at the first good opportunity.

"J. R." Chicago: Your insurance inquiry should have been addressed to "The Hermit." I have referred it to him. The stock of the oil company which you mention has no quotable value in New York.

"T. T." Swisvale, Penn.: All such propositions have a highly speculative quality. They must not be regarded in the light of investments. Many things may happen in seven years, a revolution in Mexico included.

"X. Y. C." Buffalo: Two dollars received. You are on my preferred list for six months. This is a bad time to embark in a new railroad enterprise, and I do not advise the purchase of the shares of the Alaska Central Railroad.

"R." Brooklyn: (1) Glad you profited by my advice. (2) On a lower level I think well of Des Moines and Ft. Dodge, though it sold last year as low as 18. If it ever approximates that level again, you can buy it with safety.

"W." Ogdensburg, N. Y.: The annual report of the American Malting Co. shows a net surplus of \$323,000, or about \$60,000 less than the surplus earnings of the preceding year. The rise in barley, without a corresponding rise in malt, is responsible for the poor showing.

"T. J. C." New York: (1) Missouri Pacific is regarded as a pretty substantial property and, on recessions, is being picked up for investment. Your margin is uncomfortable light, however, and, unless you are able to protect the stock, it would be wise to sell on the first reasonable rise. Advise with your broker regarding the privilege.

"G." Nasouri, India: (1) Reply was sent by letter. Real estate is not as much in demand as it has been. Better wait. (2) I was not responsible for the favorable article. I only am in charge of the financial department of LESLIE'S. The opinion I gave still holds. (3) I do not advise the purchase of the Palisades Park property. (4) The government never embarks in private enterprises. Leave the wireless shares alone.

"P. S." Omaha: (1) The liquidation in the steel trust shares, unless checked, is likely to become serious, because of the enormous capitalization. This fact leads many, even though they have a loss, to hold it, because they believe that Morgan interests will be compelled to sustain it. I should not hold too long. (2) I am not advising purchases at present, though Missouri Pacific, after a bad break, will be a purchase.

"G." Denver: (1) Adverse criticism of the American Smelting and Refining Company has been caused by the revelation that, while paying 7 per cent. on the preferred, it allowed a floating debt to accumulate. (2) The fiscal agent of the Goleonda Consolidated Gold Mines Company tells me that an immense body of low-grade ore is being worked, and that by the erection of an additional mill the capacity of the company can be largely increased and the payment of dividends resumed on the first of March next. Lee S. Ottav, the fiscal agent, has his main office in the Merrill Building, Milwaukee, and offices in New York, Boston, Minneapolis, St. Louis, and Pittsburgh. He will be glad to give you any additional information that you may require.

"G." Ogallala, Neb.: (1) The liquidation in the steel trust shares, unless checked, is likely to become serious, because of the enormous capitalization. This fact leads many, even though they have a loss, to hold it, because they believe that Morgan interests will be compelled to sustain it. I should not hold too long. (2) I am not advising purchases at present, though Missouri Pacific, after a bad break, will be a purchase.

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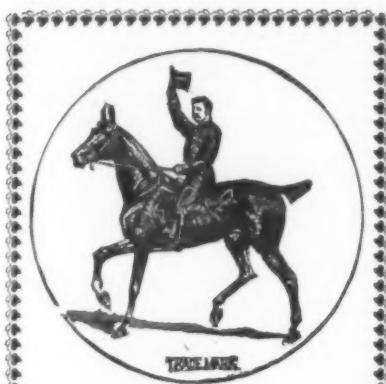
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**In Best Places**

Without exception, at all the leading hotels and cafés

Hunter Whiskey**Stands Foremost.**

In its perfection of Age, Purity, Flavor, it fills the need of places whose motto is

"Only the Best kept here"Sold at all first-class cafés and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.**London's Next Exhibition.**

OUR STATE Department has received from Consul-General H. Clay Evans, of London, notice of the exhibition of engineering, machinery, hardware, and allied trades, to be held at the Crystal Palace, from March 2d to May 31st, 1903. In a communication from the manager of the exhibition, which is transmitted, it is asked that the attention of American manufacturers be called to this opportunity to introduce their goods and to strengthen their connection with the various markets of the world.

Exposition Flyer

Via

"BIG . . FOUR"

From

Cincinnati To St. Louis

Write for Rates and Folders.

Warren J. Lynch, W. P. Deppe,
Gen'l Pass. & Tkt. Agt. Ass't Gen'l P. & T. A.
CINCINNATI, OHIO.**Life-insurance Suggestions.**

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be included, as personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable. Address "Hermit," *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.]

A ST. LOUIS man insured his life for \$2,500 when he enlisted in the Civil War, nearly forty years ago, and fifteen years ago stopped paying premiums on the policy, and forgot all about it until he was notified by the company, on his sixty-fifth birthday, that on his lapsed policy \$1,125 was due him. I ask those of my readers who still believe in the system of fraternal assessment insurance, if they have ever heard of a lapsed policy in one of these assessment associations which had any value. It is true that insurance in an old-line company comes higher than insurance in an assessment association, but it is also true that in the former the policy-holder not only insures his life, but he also protects his policy and gives it a value, whether he continues it or not. In an assessment association, on the contrary, the surrender of membership stamps the policy as valueless, and the older one grows, the heavier the burden that he must bear. A sagacious man will try to lighten the load of his later years rather than to add to its burdens.

"H." Buffalo: Decision irrevocable.

"J. K." Chicago: I do not believe in the association to which you allude. It is not prominent or prosperous.

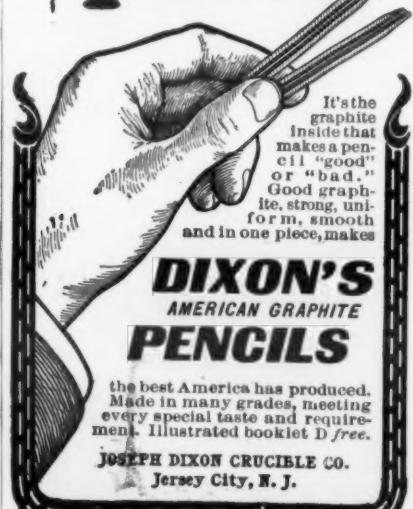
"S." Crook, Col.: The bond offered you by the National Life of Vermont, is a good one, but I would not prefer it to the offer of the Equitable.

"M. P." Cincinnati: If you are insurable elsewhere and have a long expectation of life, I would make the change. It is worth something to you to have peace of mind.

"W." Kempville, Va.: I would not drop the policy in the old-line company to which you refer. It will probably be entirely satisfactory. The Northwestern Mutual, of Milwaukee, makes a good report.

*The Hermit.***A New Species of Pepper.**

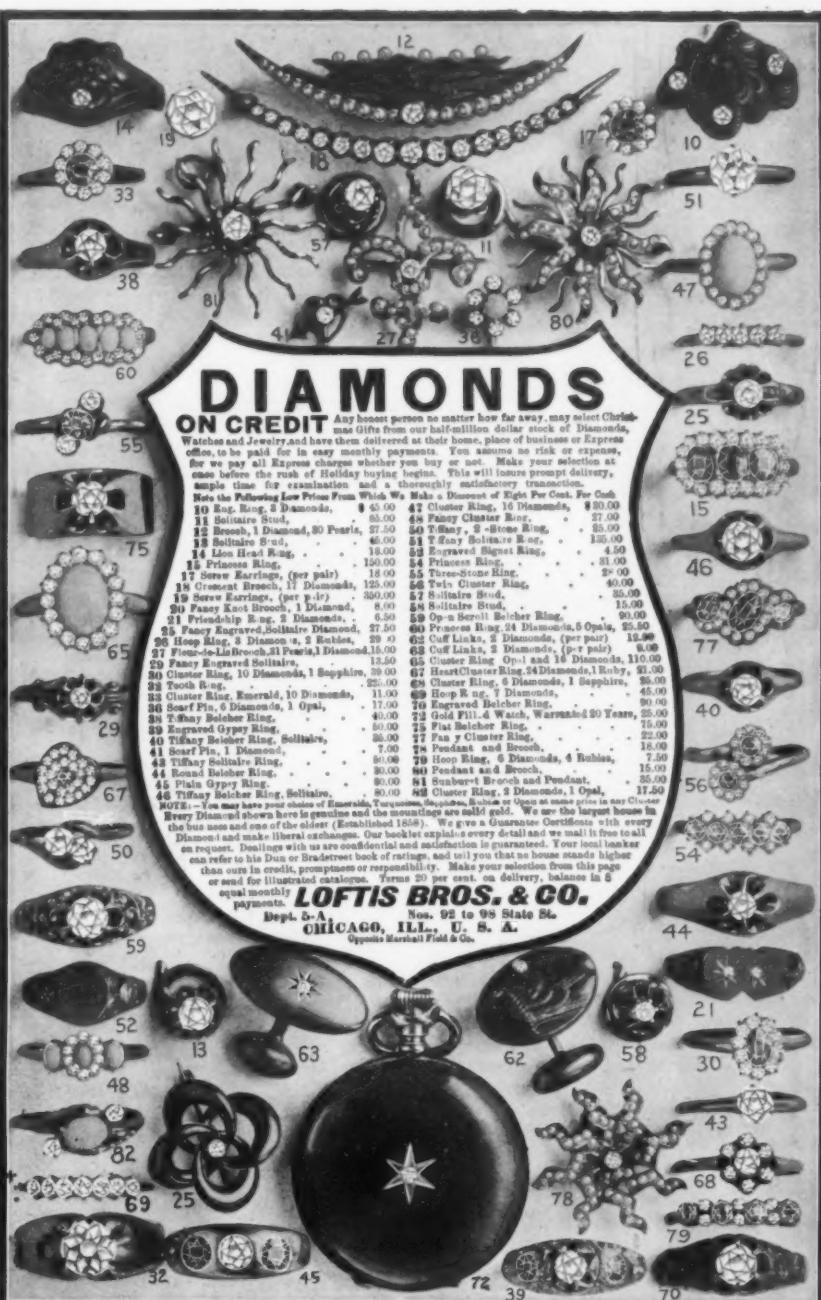
There has just been laid before the French Academy of Medicine the result of an analysis made by Dr. Barille of a new pepper of African origin, recently imported from Kissi, on the Liberian frontier of Guinea. This product, which has already been given the name of Kissine pepper, grows abundantly in this region in a wild state. It is not akin to any known species, and, being very rich in peperine and volatile oil, can be used both as a spice and as a condiment. Its grains give a reddish-brown powder, highly perfumed, and of a peculiar aromatic savor. French journals speak of this article as another interesting and valuable addition to the already long list of colonial products.

Inside Facts

Nineteenth Year—1884-1902
American Academy of Dramatic Arts and Empire Theatre School

F. H. SARGENT President

A Technical training-school for the stage (chartered by the Regents of the University of the State of New York) in connection with Mr. Charles Frohman's New York Theatres and Road Companies. Apply to E. P. STEPHENSON, GENERAL MANAGER



"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I hope you will promise me never to gamble."

"What is your idea of gambling?"

"Betting your money and losing it," was the prompt reply.

A Long-lived Plant.

"Minister (to one of his members, a venerable old gardener)—'You have reached a great age, John."

"John—" "Deed ha'e I, sir, for gin I leave till the eleventh o' next month I'll be an octageranium."

AINSLEE'S
A MAGAZINE OF CLEVER FICTION**Xmas Number Out To-day!****160 Pages** OF CLEVER FICTION BY FAMOUS AUTHORS OF THE DAY**COMPLETE IN THIS NUMBER**
The Unequal Yoke

A Novelette by Neith Boyce

OTHER CONTRIBUTORS ARE:

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD
JOAQUIN MILLER
MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL
FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN
LADY VIOLET GREVILLE
PRINCE VLADIMIR VANIAKSY
HENRY M. BLOSSOM, Jr.
JOHN GILMER SPEED
CAROLINE DUER
EDGAR SALTUS
JOHN D. BARRY
ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD
KATE MASTERSON
DOROTHY DIX

15c On Sale Everywhere.
OUT TO-DAY 15c**ROYAL L. LEGRAND**THE LATEST SUCCESS OF THE
ORIZA-PERFUMERY (Grand Prix Paris 1900)



George H. Powell

Advertising Writing as a Money Making Business

And How It Is Taught by George H. Powell

Skill Acquired by Mail Instruction in Demand At Incomes Ranging from \$100.00 to \$500.00 a Month

It has been suggested that I tell the readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY something about the inducements offered in the field of advertising writing to young men and women who are willing to prepare themselves for the work. This space, however, is too limited to enter into much detail, and a few facts must suffice.

In the first place, we must consider that modern advertising dates back only about a dozen or fifteen years, previous to which time a catchy advertisement was practically unknown. In those earlier days the great department store used a column ad., where to-day a page is found necessary. And as the advertising expenditures have doubled and quadrupled, the volume of business has more than kept pace with this ever-increasing outlay.

A dozen years ago a mere handful of men occupied recognized positions as advertising managers, while to-day there are probably three or four hundred, and yet it is a very small army—much too small, and altogether out of proportion to the wonderful increase of the advertising appropriations. The demand for good ad.-writers cannot be met, and this condition must of necessity exist for years to come. In fact, like all comparatively new arts, the art of ad.-writing lacks skilled workers. A young man or woman possessed of a common-school education can, under proper instruction, added to reasonable diligence, finally be sure of a weekly salary of \$50.00. Those who draw from \$4,000.00 to \$15,000.00 annually are the picked workers, and yet positions at these high salaries are steadily multiplying. There will always be this "something better" to strive for.

To show how utterly out of proportion are the present salaries paid advertising writers and managers, a comparison will be of interest. With over 200,000 miles of steam railway in the United States, employing 1,000,000 men, the combined earnings for 1901 were \$1,500,000,000, while salaries reached the enormous sum of \$600,000,000. Now the total amount spent for advertising in the same year was nearly half the earnings of the railways, but the salaries paid advertising men and women were so small as a whole that comparison is useless, since it does not amount to one per cent.!

Conservative authorities agree with me that nearly one-half of the money spent for advertising is wasted, for want of proper attention and service, while nearly seventy per cent. of all the new advertisers drop out of the race for the same cause! Is it any wonder, then, that high salaries await bright people who have been trained to attract attention and create business?

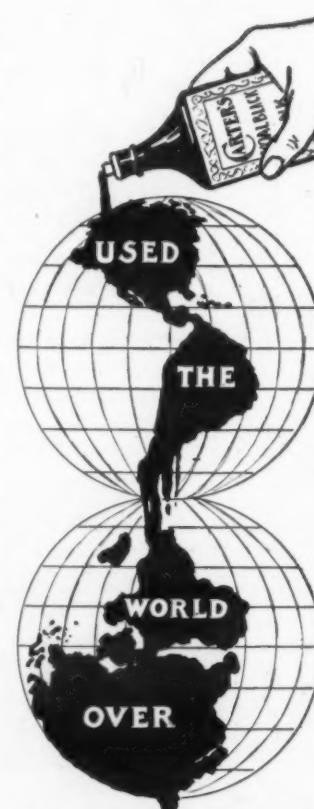
I established my school at the urgent suggestion of notable advertising men who saw the need of really expert instruction. There were other ad. schools in existence; but, like all new things, only limited results were produced. Fulton built the first and original steamboat, but it is hardly to be compared with the 1902 ocean greyhound. To-day the Powell System is recognized by all authorities as the standard and best.

The chief fault of the early ad. schools lies in lack of understanding as to limitations, and instead of loading up students with superfluous news and detail about matters really foreign to the duties of the ad.-writer, the concentrated efforts ought to be along the line of the actual writing of ads. In this way, largely, is the Powell System superior to all others. Take the synonym question as another example: I supply a work of nearly 600 pages, instead of dabbling in three or four so-called "lessons" that are of no practical value. The Powell System proper—by which I mean the actual correspondence instruction itself—consists of lessons on all lines of ad.-writing, and following the student's work comes my personal criticisms, corrections, etc. No books are used in this main branch, because it is not practical or beneficial. *Printer's Ink*, the well-known journal of advertising, in commenting recently on a large book, or so-called "encyclopedia," offered by an ad. school, truly said:

"Students from the rural districts will find —'s Publicity the nicest book for drying and pressing flowers that ever happened. It is a great thing in itself. It is a greater thing to accomplish a distribution of the edition."

The Powell System differs from book instruction in that I personally supervise and direct each student's advertising education as he or she requires, and no form letters for criticisms are ever used. What books I do furnish are for a supplementary purpose.

On this page I reproduce several specimens of fine ad.

SAMUEL MOSSER
Reading, Pa.J. M. KEMPER
Dayton, O.Miss E. ANNA ROE
Monroeville, O.JOHN CLUGSTON
Catasauqua, Pa.C. W. GREENE
Buffalo, N. Y.

Carter's Ink Ad. by Samuel Mosser, Reading, Penn.

E. Anna Roe, Monroeville, Ohio, writes:
"I decided to take the Powell System of advertising instruction only after very carefully examining the circulars of several ad. schools."

"The dignity of expression, brevity, and straightforward pointlessness of the Prospektus indicated a school of high order. I have found the instruction to be all that is claimed for it and more—comprehensive, practical, and interesting. Almost unconsciously the student is led on to his best efforts, and pertinent criticisms correct all mistakes."

John Clugston, Catasauqua, Penn., writes:

"I have been under your instruction through your mail course in advertising writing for some months, and am greatly gratified with the results. I have found it a mine of information, pleasantly and plainly presented. There is a tone of personality to the criticisms of returned work that cannot be doubted in its sincerity for the welfare of the student. I believe the course is a help to anyone who will honestly try to help himself through it."

Charles W. Greene, 137 Northland Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y., writes:

"I am very much pleased with your system of ad.-writing instruction."

"I have not yet completed the course, but am perfectly satisfied with the progress I have made thus far. Under your guidance the work is very pleasant, and I await each lesson with increased interest."

"I feel sure that the Powell System is all that it is represented to be, and I can heartily recommend it to any one wishing to take an interesting and profitable course of study."

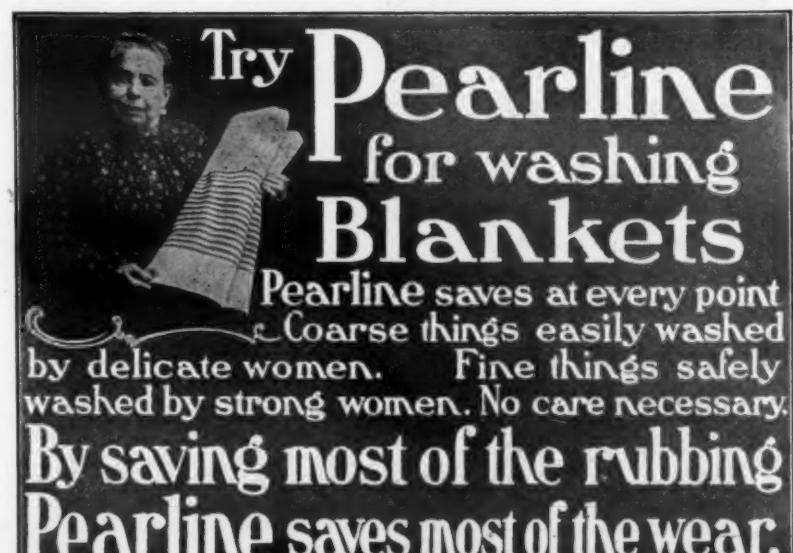
KEEP ON HAND A CAKE OF
Shawmut Soap

Shawmut Soap Ad. by J. M. Kemper, Dayton, Ohio

My instruction system is so superior to all others that I always court investigation by giving full addresses to all testimonials I publish. The more skeptical you are the better I am pleased, because I have bushels of proof to finally convince you. Suppose you write those students whose portraits appear above? Or, if you are a hard-headed business man and wonder whether I am really an expert, you may be interested in the testimony of the Secretary of the Severne Wine Company, Himrod, N. Y., who says that my instruction and advice increased his business about four-fold, by actual test. I will gladly send you his letter, together with my complete and instructive Prospectus and full explanatory matter, if you will only write me. My address is George H. Powell, 158 Temple Court, New York.

ADVERTISERS SUPPLIED WITH COMPETENT HELP FREE

Advertisers in need of good ad.-writers should write me, as I make it a point to supply talented experts free of cost. Graduates whom I recommend are fully competent, and are in constant demand.



First Prize Ad. in Pearline Contest. Won by Mr. F. G. Rogers, after taking only about half the Powell Course.

Distinguished Albrecht Furs

The House of Albrecht is the Fur Centre of the Fur City of America and the International Headquarters of Standard High Grade Furs.

Our word is to be relied upon.

THE PRINCESS:

Albrecht's Broadtail Persian and Royal Ermine Directoire Jacket, 20 inches long. The much-sought Broadtail Persian and Royal Ermine are fashion's latest dictation in Fur. In this superb production the painstaking efforts of the designer and master-furrier have reached their climax. The garment is lined with sumptuous brocaded satin of the finest texture. Price \$200.00.

THE CORONA: The garment is the same style as the illustration, made in Moire and trimmed with Brown Marten. Made and lined in the best possible manner. This swell garment we offer for \$75.00.

Beautiful Animal Boa of Sable Fox (American, the best kind), embellished at both ends with the natural Fox brushes and two additional smaller tails. Price \$17.00.

Smart Cluster Scarf of Genuine Brown Marten, finished with eight fluffy tails of same, at \$8.00.

American Headquarters for High Standard Alaska Seal & Leipzig Dyed Persian Lamb.

Send at once for the **INTERNATIONAL FUR AUTHORITY**, an exponent of Famous Albrecht Furs. It thoroughly reviews and illustrates all the correct and standard styles in fur wear, containing authentic information and current market prices. The recognized and only complete *Fur Authority* printed in America. No woman should be without this valuable work. Send stamp to cover postage.

E. ALBRECHT & SON

(Founded 1855)

20 E. 7th Street, Box M, St. Paul, Minn.

THIS WATCH GIVEN!

Fine Gold Plate Finish

Stem wind and set. American movement, oil, 18 mm., 1/2 inch thick. Appearance to a watch guaranteed for 20 years. Quick train, 240 beats per minute, runs 24 hours with one winding. Hour, minute, seconds hands. Every watch timed, tested, regulated and guaranteed. Send name and address and we will send 20 pieces each. When sold direct on the spot we will give you the above-described watch ABSOLUTELY FREE. You also become a shareholder in our Company and get part of our Profits in Cash. Write today. **ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS** Reward to anyone who will show that we do not do as we say. **Union Watch Company, 81 Roy St., Attleboro, Mass.**

Lovely TORQUE SCARF or BELT pin FREE to any one sending us their name and address this month; also our large illustrated catalogue. TURNER JEWELRY CO., Dept. E, Providence, R. I.

Eagle Liqueur Distilleries
RHEINSTROM BROS.
CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will not keep your bowels open, and be well. Forcing in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good, Never Sick, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address Starling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 22a

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

The Rescue of New York's Foundlings.

Continued from page 508.

womanhood and to their graves under the shadow of their unknown origin. There are those, of course, who may never learn that they were foundlings; but in most cases guardians feel that their charges should be told the truth. Letters come frequently to the city officials from men who know that they were foundling babies. They ask to be told all that is known of their origin. The Department of Charities looks over the books and finds a record on blank No. 30 for lost children, and that is all that is ever known.

RHEUMATISM Cured Without Medicine.

9,000 Persons Testify to Complete Cures by this Wonderful External Remedy Last Year.

Trial Pair FREE on Approval to Anybody. Try Them.

The Drafts cured Mrs. W. D. Harriman, wife of Judge Harriman of Ann Arbor, Mich. They cured Carl C. Pope, U. S. Commissioner at Black River Falls, Wis., of Rheumatic Gout.

They cured severe rheumatism of the arms, neck and back, for T. C. Pendleton, Jackson, Mich.

Mrs. Caspar Yahrdsorfer, Jackson, Mich., 70 years old, was cured in a few weeks, after suffering 30 years.

The Drafts cured James Gilbert, Locomotive Dept., Mich. Cent. R. R., Jackson, Mich., after 27 years of pain.

They cured Dr. Van Vleck, Jackson, Mich., and he is now using them in his practice.

Letters from these persons and many others are reproduced in our new booklet on rheumatism—also sent free with the trial pair of Drafts.



Send no money—we only ask your name—and we will send you, prepaid, a pair of the celebrated Magic Foot Drafts, which have cured thousands of the most unfortunate rheumatic sufferers in the world. If you are satisfied with the relief they give you, then send us One Dollar. If not, don't send us a cent. We know there's comfort and happiness in every pair, and we want you to have them; that's why we are willing to take our pay after the work is done.

The Drafts are worn on the sole of the feet, because the circulatory and nervous systems are most easily reached at this point, but they cure rheumatism in every part of the body by drawing out the poison from the system. Try them—**Free.** Write to-day to Magic Foot Draft Co., RX22 Oliver Building, Jackson, Mich.

33% Dividend

paid by the Mexican Plantation Association, 1602 Title and Trust, Building, Chicago, Ill. Oldest of its kind in Mexico. **ESTABLISHED 1897.** Has 6,000 shares, or acres, planted to permanent crops, rubber, coffee and vanilla. The Association's contract is like an insurance policy—in case of death the money is refunded. 38 deaths have occurred since 1897. These shares will now be resold. For full particulars address as above.

Write for Books of Testimonials from Leading Hotels, Clubs, Cafes, Etc.

STANLEY
Straight Back Trunks \$4.00
The New Kind. Saves space. Sets close up to wall. Can throw back top without striking woodwork or plaster. Has corner hinges. Strong and durable. Finely made. Furnished in many styles and sizes. Costs no more than old styles. Sent direct from factory.

DRESSER TRUNKS

A Bureau and Trunk Combined

Everything within easy reach. No rummaging for clothing. No heavy trunks to lift. Light, room-saving trunks. Perfectly durable. Holds as much as any other trunk. Sent privilege of examination.

Write for Trunk Booklet M411

The Homer Young Co., Ltd., Toledo, Ohio.

Required till goods are sold.

ART JEWELRY CO., Dept. E, Central Falls, R. I.

This beautiful SOLID GOLD and RUBY RING and SAPPHIRE NECK CHAIN

bent to anyone sending 12 pieces of our new PING PONG ART JEWELRY at 10c. each.

NO TRASH. Sell at sight to both sexes. No money

required till goods are sold.

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NO TRASH. Sell at sight to both sexes. No money

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Santa Fe



The nectar of the gods may have been a myth. Be it so—we still have the whisky of our forefathers—DEWAR'S SCOTCH, a beverage of distilled delight, known and praised by good judges the world over.

Pears'
the soap which began its
sale in the 18th century,
sold all through the 19th
and is selling in the 20th.

Sells all over the world.

He Could Have What Was Left.

Mary, aged five, was taking her dinner at her grandmother's, and had asked for some pie.

"Have patience," said her grandmother.

"Which would you rather have," asked her grandfather, "patience or pie?"

"Pie!" replied Mary, decidedly.

"But there might not be any left for me," said her grandfather.

"But," said Mary, "there would be the patience, grandad."

Opportunities and Business Chances

Never were greater or more attractive than now in the Great Southwest—Missouri, Kansas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma and Texas.

If you're interested, write for particulars.

JAMES BARKER,
Gen'l Pass. & Tkt. Agt., M. K. & T. Ry.,
520 Wainwright Bldg., St. Louis.

How She Nerved His Arm.

Mrs. Homer—"How do you manage to get your carpets so clean? Do you hire a professional carpet-beater?"

Mrs. Neighbor—"Oh, no; my husband beats them, and I always do something to make him angry just before he begins the job."



Business Chances Abroad

A GERMAN trade journal gives some valuable hints to exporters to Siam, and says, among other things, that illustrated and handsomely gotten up catalogues and price lists have only an ornamental value for the Oriental. The latter wishes to convince himself personally of the quality of the goods he buys, and exporters who take this into consideration can expect to do a large and profitable business with Siam, while those who rely on price lists or traveling salesmen with samples can do business only with great difficulty. As regards the packing of goods, the report says that articles must never be put up in paper. Pharmaceutical and chemical products must be packed in glass or tin and then bedded in sawdust. For other goods, wood shavings are preferable, because sawdust is apt to escape through holes of the inclosing material. Special care must be devoted to the packing of breakable articles. Textile goods should always be baled and covered with water-tight material, and the bales be bound by iron bands. Articles which rust easily, such as bicycles, should always be packed in wooden cases, lined with zinc and well soldered.

A highly interesting and suggestive report has been compiled by Mr. Frank H. Hitchcock, chief of the division of foreign markets in the Department of Agriculture. The United Kingdom of Great Britain is the principal market for the surplus agricultural produce of exporting countries. The report says that the products of agriculture sent to that market from all sources in 1900 reached the enormous value of \$1,578,000,000, forming 62 per cent. of the entire import trade of Great Britain and Ireland. In the five years mentioned the annual average value of the imports into the United Kingdom was \$2,308,174,441, of which \$1,458,921,776, or 63 per cent., was agricultural, and \$849,252,665, or 37 per cent., non-agricultural. To this extraordinary import trade in agricultural produce the United States was the principal contributor, furnishing about 33 per cent., or nearly one-third, of the supply. Mr. Hitchcock predicts that the greatest future development of American trade in the British market may be expected in perishable products, exportation of which is made possible by modern transportation methods. France is the chief competitor of this country in supplying farm produce to the United Kingdom, the agricultural imports from France aggregating \$103,000,000 in value in 1900.

Providing Congress at its coming session makes some provision for the encouragement of our shipping interests, a large and profitable market for American goods of all grades may be established in South America. Our consular agents in all parts of that country are reporting that unusual opportunities are now open for pushing our products. There is a great future in northern Brazil, it is said, for American machinery and machinery tools, and the field is almost unlimited. It needs only right business methods and thorough knowledge of the country and its needs to build up an enormous trade there in this line. American saw-mills and milling machinery are rapidly growing in favor, and there seems to be a fine field for this line of goods. The same is said of American ship machinery, tools, and marine supplies. American electrical machines, since erected in Brazil, are found to require less fuel and attention, and to give far better satisfaction in every way than the European ones.

Electricity in all its many varied and ever-increasing uses and applications is not only creating a great demand for electrical machinery in the United States, but in all

parts of Europe as well. In Germany, for example, more than half the steam engines and turbines turned out are used for driving dynamos. In other industrial branches electricity has acted as a stimulus, offering new problems, in the solution of which Germany is taking a prominent part. That country is, in fact, marching side by side with the United States in this respect, and is without question our greatest competitor, not only in supplying electrical machinery to the different nations of the world, but also in devising new inventions. If we inquire how German electrical engineering came to gain such a leading position in the world's markets, we discover that the principal cause is the profound scientific training of the German engineer. In the works of the principal German companies there are about 1,950 engineers employed who have received their training at the technical universities of the empire.

Writing of the electro-technical industry in Russia, Consul Heenan, at Odessa, says that the demand for electro-technical apparatus and machines in Russia is relatively but little satisfied by the home manufacturers, and the progress in the application of electricity for transportation, manufacturing, and domestic economy will undoubtedly enormously increase the market for foreign appliances. American manufacturers should have their share of this trade, and there is but one way to secure it—that is, to establish branch houses in Russia and place the same in the hands of competent men.

The "ill wind" of the late war in South Africa blew some "good" to America, at least, in the way of increased trade during the course of that unhappy conflict. An immense amount of material required to carry on the war, including horses and mules, was shipped from the United States. But now that the trouble is over and trade is resuming its normal conditions, our commercial representatives need to bestir themselves if they would hold their place in the South African markets. This, at least, is the opinion of Mr. W. R. Bigham, our consul-general at Cape Town. Many farm-houses in the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony have had their thatched roofs burned, and will have to be re-roofed, probably with galvanized iron, a material much used for this purpose. It will also be nec-

YOUR



IS LIKE AN OPEN BOOK. If every one knew exactly what the future held in store he could govern himself to bring about the best results. Astrology, when intelligently practiced, reveals the future and tells one what to do and what not to do. Undoubtedly the greatest living astrologer is

DR. DEROLLI,

of Boston, Mass. He has become so proficient in his great study that facts which seem almost supernatural are as but an open book to him. One's life holds no secrets. Every movement, in matrimony, speculation, health, position, society, and all are clearly and truly deciphered. It was Dr. Derolli who predicted the assassination and death of President McKinley, the defeat of Bryan, the rise of Roosevelt to the Presidency, the Spanish War, Dewey's victory at Manila, and hundreds of other National events now recorded as history. The Boston papers frequently appeal to Dr. Derolli for predictions on popular subjects—these are printed and invariably come to pass. One day last fall a woman called and stated that she wanted advice. "Well," said the doctor, "I would advise being careful of your right arm and shoulder. You are destined to meet with an accident in February." In March the same lady called again at his office with her arm in a sling. "Your prediction came true," she said. "While out walking at Palm Beach I fell and broke my arm." Another incident which shows Dr. Derolli's unerring insight: a man in Melrose, Mass., recently mailed to the doctor the dates of births of two persons requesting horoscopes. One was promptly made out and returned and to the other he simply replied—"This child died on May 15th, being but four years of age, with an uneventful life." A few days later a very grateful letter was received in response. The writer now revealed his name—that of a prominent business man, and stated that the child had died on that date, and was his son. The father is enthusiastic in his praise of the doctor's phenomenal work. Thousands of marvelous incidents have transpired in reading the lives of public and private men. People in all walks of life consult Dr. Derolli, and many would not do business, or make an investment or an important move without first having his advice. LUCKY DAYS FREE. In accordance with his custom the doctor has recently published the lucky and unlucky days for the next three months together with weather predictions which he will send to any address free of charge. He will also send a copy of his celebrated horoscopes of the late President McKinley and President Roosevelt. These are reproduced from the Boston Globe, which published them many months prior to the assassination. Send your name to-day to DR. DEROLLI, SUITE 820, HOTEL PELHAM, BOSTON, MASS.

essary for many of the farmers to purchase new agricultural implements, vehicles, furniture, harness, and food for man and beast. Every store will have to be restocked. In short, all enterprises will be started anew, and it will not be possible to get goods into the interior fast enough to meet the demand that will arise. All nations are awaiting this trade, says Mr. Bigham, and are preparing for it by establishing direct lines of ocean transportation—all nations except the United States, which, other than an occasional freight steamer, has no direct communication with Cape Colony. American enterprise should strive to secure a share of the trade.

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Gold Medals For superiority of design, material, construction, workmanship and finish, "Macey" furniture received the Gold Medal—the highest award at both the Pan-American and Charleston Expositions.

Macey \$32 Buys this luxurious Turkish rocker, direct from factory. Covered with best quality machine-buffed genuine leather.

EXTRA QUALITY. Has genuine hair cushions, tufted back, spring rockers and ball-bearing casters. Choice of brown, olive-green or russet-color leather. At retail a similar chair costs \$50 to \$70.



Write for our Complete Catalogue No. "A.D.2."
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PHILADELPHIA, N. E. cor. 18th and Market Sts. CHICAGO
New York Life Bldg.

One Thousand Miles of Collars.

Continued from page 510.

are exhibited some of the greatest triumphs of inventive genius. Here is a machine which sews buttons on a shirt at the rate of 21,600 buttons a day, and is operated by one little woman. Here is another machine used in making pleated shirts, which sews five seams at once. Another locates with mechanical exactness the position of a buttonhole in the centre of a collar. In all, a collar is six weeks in the factory, from the time the cloth is cut until the finished product is boxed and shipped.

Each year, scores of new brands are introduced, and to find unusual, individual, and "catchy" names for these is one of the problems of the collar business. Two firms might frequently hit upon the same name were it not for the clearing-house of names conducted by DeWitt Clinton, librarian of the Young Men's Association of Troy, who has on record the names adopted by practically all of the manufacturers. One concern has already exhausted all the names in the novels of J. Fenimore Cooper in giving titles to its collars. Another has adopted the names of all the known flowers. Another manufacturer has gone to England for his collar names.

And the collar business is constantly increasing. It varies somewhat with the general condition of the people and with the seasons. A hot summer means a large collar trade. But in spite of fluctuations the industry grows persistently, and, at the present rate, before many years are past the string of collars and cuffs made in Troy in a year will reach from New York to San Francisco.

The manufacture of shirts has naturally proceeded side by side with that of the collars and cuffs throughout these years, yet it is only recently that any particular effort has been made to design these articles with relation to each other. One of the largest factories in Troy has recently put out a line in which the neck-bands of the shirts and the lower edge of the collars are moulded to conform to each other, and the wristbands are made in proper relation to their cuffs. All three articles have been placed under the same trade mark, so that their relation to each other may be recognized readily. This is perhaps one of the most important developments of recent years in the collar industry, and the marvel is that so simple a thing was not embodied many years ago in a business where such large interests obtain.

Of Interest to Architects.

THE city of Patras, Greece, has decided upon the erection of a church, to cost 2,000,000 drachmas (\$250,000), which will take the place of the present edifice dedicated to St. Andrew, erected early in the second quarter of the last century. With a view to securing something especially apt in design, the committee having the matter in charge has decided to secure plans through an architectural contest, and the announcement is made that contributions from American architects will be welcomed. The general order of architecture will be Byzantine, after the spirit of the East. The contest closes at twelve o'clock, noon, of February 13th, 1903. All who have successfully passed will be given one hundred and fifty days additional from the time the decision is rendered. The final plans will be submitted to some academy of the fine arts in Europe, and in accordance with its decisions the committee will award a first prize of 10,000 francs (\$2,000); a second, of 4,000 francs (\$800); and a third, of 2,000 francs (\$400). Particulars in regard to this competition may be had of the American consul at Patras, Mr. Frank W. Jackson.

For coughs and colds, the best remedy is Piso's Cure for Consumption.

A Correct Definition.

"Who can tell me the meaning of leisure?" asked the teacher.

"It's a place where married people repeat," replied the boy at the foot of the class.

Don't be cross: cheer up on a cold bottle of champagne, and let it be Cook's Imperial Extra Dry.

A woman never hits what she aims at unless she throws a kiss.

Advice to Mothers: Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea.

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Waterman's Ideal is good in school, in business, on the train, anywhere. It's always good natured, never blots or skips.

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In response to a large and constantly increasing demand for information about the Goat Lymph treatment, we have issued a booklet that covers this subject in a comprehensive manner. It tells all about Goat Lymph; what it is, how it is obtained, how it is administered, what ailments it cures, and how sufferers from any of the distressing ailments in which the use of this remedy is indicated may obtain it.

Why Goat Lymph cures such ailments as chronic articular rheumatism, locomotor ataxia, epilepsy, paralytic agitans, hemiplegia, melancholia, hysteria, neurasthenia, primary dementia, senility, mental and nervous prostrations, and premature old age, is fully explained.

The subject is thoroughly discussed in an interesting way by physicians and former patients. The booklet will be sent free on application to the

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91 Bedford Street, BOSTON

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UP THE WITCH BROOK ROAD. By Kate Upson Clark. (New York: J. F. Taylor & Co., \$1.50.)

JAPANESE GIRLS AND WOMEN. By Alice Mabel Bacon. Illustrated by Keishu Takenouchi. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

THE FORTUNES OF OLIVER HORN. By F. Hopkinson Smith. (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.50.)

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 LINEN & COLLARS & CUFFS
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This lather not only penetrates and softens the beard as no other will, but it is wonderfully soothing and healing. It imparts a velvety softness to the face and leaves it cooled and refreshed.

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SULPHUME is pure sulphur in liquid form—a new chemical discovery. Sulphur heretofore was considered insoluble. Sulphume when taken internally, and applied as a lotion, will cure any skin disease.

SULPHUME BATHS can be taken at home, having all the advantages (and more) of the most famous Sulphur Springs. One bottle of Sulphume makes ten strong sulphur baths.

SULPHUME SOAP is the only soap in the world made with liquefied Sulphur. That is why it is a Genuine Sulphur Soap. It stops itching and all skin irritations, softens and whitens the skin, and has no equal for the toilet or bath. Prices: Perfumed soap, 25c. a cake; Unperfumed, 15c. a cake. Will mail trial cake upon receipt of price.

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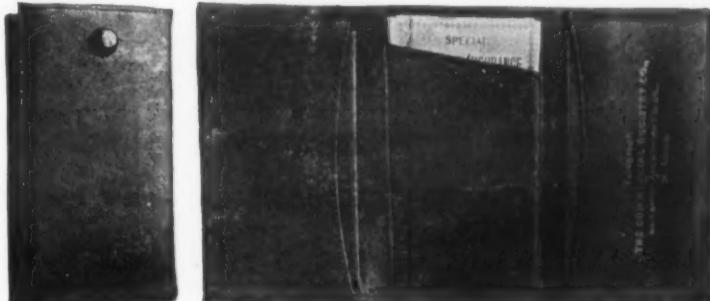
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